

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1918

*Reedy's*

# MIRROR

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## REEDY'S MIRROR

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Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

WHEN BEARCAT WENT DRY by Charles Neville Buck. New York: W. J. Watt Co., \$1.40.

A tale of the Kentucky Cumberlands. Illustrated.

THE BUSINESS OF WAR by Isaac F. Marcoss. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

The story of the army of helpers behind the fighters—the feeding, transportation and supplying of the British armies; the production and distribution of shells; the motor in the war. Illustrated with portraits of men prominent in the work.

"MR. MANLEY" by G. I. Witham. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.40.

A novel.

STEALTHY TERROR by John Ferguson. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.40.

Intrigue and adventure with the German secret service.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF LILLIAN by Jessie Champion. New York: John Lane, \$1.40.

An English novel.

MY EMPRESS by Marfa Mouchanow. New York: John Lane Co., \$2.50.

The first lady in waiting to the czarina of Russia describes that unhappy woman's life at the Russian court from the time of her marriage to the czar until the revolution. Illustrated.

THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE by H. Gordon Selfridge. New York: John Lane Co., \$3.

A history of the world as made by the merchants of all time, showing how industry builds while the sword destroys, and the part that imagination, enthusiasm, energy and ability in commercial life have played in the advancement of the world. Numerous illustrations.

ORGANIZED BANKING by Eugene D. Agger. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$3.

An exhaustive treatise on banking, giving the reasons for modern commercial banking on a national scale, pointing out dangers and safeguards. The centralization of reserves, re-discounting, domestic and international clearings, the protection of the national reserves are all discussed. The banking systems of the important countries of the world are analyzed. The author is assistant professor of economics in Columbia University.

THE MELODY OF EARTH selected by Mrs. Waldo Richards. New York: Houghton-Mifflin Co., \$1.50.

An anthology of two hundred and fifty garden and nature poems by present day writers.

THE HOUSE OF INTRIGUE by Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50.

A mystery and detective story with humor and romance. Illustrated.

THE WINNING OF THE WAR by Roland G. Usher. New York: Harper & Bros., \$2.

Announced as a sequel to "Pan-Germanism," it analyzes the objectives of the Germans and of the allies, the nature of victory, the progress thus far made toward it and the reasons why it has been postponed. Maps and illustrations.

THE SHADOW-EATER by Benjamin de Casseres. New York: Wilmarth Publ. Co.

Poems of protest against life, religion, fate.

MELODIES IN VERSE by Mary B. Ehrmann. Cincinnati: Stewart-Kidd Co., \$1.

Old fashioned little songs.

SONGS AND SEA VOICES by James Stewart Doubleday. New York: Egmont H. Arens, Washington Sq. Bookshop; \$1.25.

Poems.

THE TWO CROMWELLS by Liddell de Lesseine. Cincinnati: Stewart-Kidd Co., \$1.

A three-act drama stressing little-guessed characteristics of Oliver and Richard Cromwell.

GASLIGHT SONATAS by Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Bros., \$1.40.

Seven short stories revealing women's hearts.

GLORIOUS EXPLOITS OF THE AIR by Edgar Middleton. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.35.

Everything about the aviation corps, composed largely of boys hardly out of their teens; their training, work, recreation, dangers, told by a member of the British Royal flying corps. Illustrated.

WHY GOD LOVES THE IRISH by Humphrey J. Desmond, LL.D. New York: Devin-Adair, \$1.25.

Essays, history and anecdote.

OUT THERE by Charles W. Whitehair. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

How the soldiers have lived, fought and died on many fronts, told by a man who has been with them on all, with particular attention to the work of the Y. M. C. A. Illustrated.

THE MOVING FINGER by Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.40.

A murder and mystery story by the author of "The Nameless Man." Illustrated.

FILM FOLK by Rob Wagner. New York: Century Co., \$2.

Facts and anecdotes about the movie stars and the making of pictures told in an easy breezy style. Illustrated from photographs.

THE RIDER IN KHAKI by Nat Gould. New York: F. A. Stokes Co., \$1.25.

A novel of racing and the war by a popular English novelist.

THE COUNTRY AIR by L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Six short stories.

THE NAVY AS A FIGHTING MACHINE by Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

This is the book which the Conference Committee on Preparedness presented to each United States senator and congressman. It defines what the navy is for, of what parts it should be composed, and what principles should be followed in designing, preparing and operating it in order to get the maximum return for the money expended. New popular edition.

KATHLEEN'S PROBATION by Joslyn Gray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.25.

The story of an interesting family and how the selfishness of one member was conquered. Illustrated.

THE DEVIL TO PAY by Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.35.

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WHY MARRY? by Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

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AMERICA FIRST by Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 75c.

Three stories designed to instil in children a love of country and the principles of true patriotism. Illustrated.

THE MARTIAL ADVENTURES OF HENRY AND ME by William Allen White. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

The humorous account of Mr. White's observations and experiences at the front where he went on commission from the Red Cross. Illustrated by Tony Sarg.

THE SECRET OF THE MARNE by Marcel Berger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

A novel founded on von Kluck's retreat from Paris; astounding in invention and accurate in topographical detail.

THE DESTINIES OF THE STARS by Svante Arrhenius. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

The author is renowned for his lucid style and polished form as well as for his scientific researches. In 1903 he was awarded the Nobel prize for his achievements in the electro-chemical field. Translated by J. E. Fries. Illustrated.

THE AIMS OF LABOR by Arthur Henderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 50c.

A pamphlet by the leader of the Labor party in England setting forth the aspirations and aims of that party.

GERMANISM AND THE AMERICAN CRUSADE by George D. Herron. New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

An address delivered to the theological students of Geneva by the author of "The Menace of Peace."

THE HIGH ROMANCE by Michael Williams. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.60.

The story of the author's life cast in the form of fiction. As a wandering newspaper writer and editor his adventures were numerous and the people he met both famous and interesting.

SIX PLAYS FOR POEM-MIMES by Alfred Kreyenborg. New York: The Other Press, 17 E. 14th St., \$1.

"When the Willow Nods," a dance play; "Jack's House," a cubic play; "Lima Beans," a scherzo-play; "Blue and Green," a shadow play; "Manikin and Minikin," a bisque-play; and "People Who Die," a dream play, being three comedies and three tragedies in free verse.

PROFESSOR LATIMER'S PROGRESS. Anonymous. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.40.

The "sentimental journey" of a middle-aged American scholar who seeks a cure for his war-oppressed soul in a walking tour. Numerous and divers are his adventures. Illustrated by J. Ormsbee.

THE WORLD SIGNIFICANCE OF A JEWISH STATE by A. A. Berle. New York: Mitchell Kennerly.

An essay discussing the Zionist movement in its significance to the Christian world; the Jew is so great a factor in all countries of the world that what affects his welfare most intimately affects all nations.

MEN IN WAR by Andreas Latzko. New York: Boni & Liveright, \$1.25.

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RUNAWAY RUSSIA by Florence McLeod Harper. New York: Century Co., \$2.

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THE A. E. F. by Heywood Brown. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

A trained newspaper writer's account of his journeying with the first American expeditionary force, on the sea, in Paris, at the Somme, giving a description of the daily life and experiences of our boys over there. Portrait of Pershing.

"LADIES FROM HELL" by R. Douglas Pinkerton. New York: Century Co., \$1.50.

The author was a member of the famous Scottish regiment called by the Germans "ladies from hell" because of their kilts and the ferocity of their fighting. Parts of the book were written in the trenches and all savor of the battle front. Illustrated.

BATTERING THE BOCHE by Preston Gibson. New York: Century Co., \$1.

A brilliant and dramatic account of fighting on the west front by an American dramatist who was in the midst of it as ambulance driver and was decorated by the French government for fearlessness and devotion. Illustrated.

THE HOLY CITY: JERUSALEM II by Selma Lagerlöf. New York: Doubleday-Page, \$1.50.

This book although complete and independent is a companion to "Jerusalem" and shows the Dalecarlians in the holy city, working in the Gordon colony founded by Americans, tried in the crucible of persecution and physical hardship, and relates the tremendous human drama of the Ingmarssons.

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# REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVII. No. 17

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1918

PRICE TEN CENTS

## REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months, in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## Thoughts in the Lull

By William Marion Reedy

AMERICANS in their relief from the strain of bad news, palpably mitigated in the cablegrams, must not overindulge their tendency to optimism, for there is another tremendous German offensive coming, with fresh divisions well trained, presumably to be delivered at a point between Amiens and Arras. That Foch and Haig and Pershing are ready to meet the assault is reassuring, but though the Germans have lost perhaps half a million men in the drive during the past thirty days, we may well believe that their man-power is not so desperately depleted as to warrant expectation upon our part that they will be easily repelled. Journalistic military experts tell us that the time for the allied counter-offensive is almost at hand. Probably it is not far off. It certainly will not be launched immediately against an enemy that is fairly rested and reinforced as well. It will take some time to straighten out our lines and readjust locations due to the necessities of the various withdrawals. The reserve army evidently must still be held in reserve. It is good to know that the connection between the British and the French armies is unbroken and during the lull is being strengthened. The big battle is not over. The biggest and bitterest part of it is to come. Until it is definitely ended there is danger that the Germans may break through and get to Calais or to Paris or to both points. This being the case the greater need for the United States to hurry its help. This we are doing. We are taking over nearly three-quarters of a million tons of Norse and Japanese ships. These are to be used chiefly to supply food to the allies and to Belgium. They will move that vast store of wheat that has been mildewing or in danger of being devoured by rats in Australia. Our other ships we may assume are not idle. Reinforced by British and French vessels they are supposedly transporting American soldiers to France, and possibly some as well to Italy, where it is likely the Austrians and Germans will strike soon again. It were well if we could believe that we are doing as well in the matter of airplanes as in the matter of ships and men. That the men are going over in big batches there are many signs. Our force there is now much larger than the "contemptible British army" which went to the front in 1914. Our forces may possibly be five times larger than that one. The Germans have had an experience of our mettle within the past few days. They took a village from the Yankees, but the Yankees promptly took it back. We hear that one hundred and eighty-three of our men were taken prisoners; we have not had the casualty list as yet but it will be pretty heavy. We will then know more keenly that we are in the war, and the Liberty loan subscription will go over the top with an *elan* that will rejoice Arthur Guy Empey himself. The situation as regards the United States is somewhat tense but not distressing. Great Britain prepares to raise

more billions as if the war might go on for five years, and there is no downheartedness in France. All the news about our war work indicates that the machine is working smoother and that results are more satisfactory in every department. Washington looks and sounds less like a mad house. But the best sign that all is well with us is that given by President Wilson in condemning the proposal to establish martial law to deal with civilian suspects. That should and probably will stop that insanity. Let us hope it will operate to stop the hate propaganda all over the country, the branding of innocent men as slackers, the persecution of poor teachers and artists, the general madness of social proscription and the boycott against people the head and front of whose offending is nothing more than the possession of a German name or the ability to read a German book. By all means let us get rid of this hate craze. It looks too much like fright.

MICHIGAN, April 23.

♦♦♦♦

## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

*The Riddle of Ireland*

ONE might write thrillingly indeed of the tragic situation of Ireland to-day. It is tragic not alone for Ireland but for the cause of the world against Germany. The British parliament had granted home rule just before the war. When the war came home rule was suspended. It was suspended because Ulster threatened revolt. The man who voiced that threat, Sir Edward Carson, was given a place in the British cabinet. Nationalist Ireland bore with this. Thousands upon thousands of Nationalist Irish volunteered for the army. Thousands of them have died for the British empire in Belgium, in France, in the near east. When Great Britain adopted conscription the Irish were exempted from the operation of the law. The exemption was deemed wise. It would have been too much to conscript Irishmen after home rule had been held out to them and then withdrawn. The Irish not only in Ireland but throughout the world were in the main loyal to Great Britain. Some few, relatively, in Ireland, were intransigent. Sinn Fein was stirred to activity which culminated in the insurrection of Easter, 1916, but all Ireland did not rise. The insurrection was suppressed, but with unnecessary ferocity and cruelty, considering that one who had headed a potential insurrection two years before had been given high honor by the government. The executions for the insurrection simply infuriated the people. All Ireland it seemed became Sinn Fein. They elected candidate after candidate to parliament, the victors pledged never to take their seats. Sinn Fein refused to have anything to do with the Irish convention convened to formulate a home rule scheme. The convention sat for months, made a report, but before that report was made public came the proposal to conscript more men for the British forces, the conscription, this time, applying to Ireland. The Irish of all factions were at once solidified against the measure. The whole population of nationalist Ireland is pledged to resist conscription, and it will take two soldiers to gather in one conscript. When Great Britain most needs men on the front in France, she has to increase the army she has had to maintain in Ireland. Pressed as never

before in her history Great Britain has a maddened enemy in the rear. But parliament has passed the bill. Meanwhile the Irish have forgot home rule in their rage against conscription. The people seem to be almost a unit against enforced military service. Government proceeds with home rule but the Irish members of parliament are in Ireland fighting conscription. And all over the world the Irish and their sympathizers are weakened in their support of the allies. Even Ulster is discontented. It doesn't fight conscription, but it does not want home rule. The government will have to coerce Ulster, to some extent, into accepting home rule, while coercing the southern Irish into the army. Ireland may blaze with rebellion. Such rebellion cannot but help Germany. Great Britain cannot now conscript the English, Scotch and Welsh between the ages of 18 and 50 years, and leave the Irish out. The British laboring classes will resent that. There may be revolution in England. Is there any way out for the government? There is but one, and that not clear. The conscription act may be passed and then suspended as to Ireland. The home rule bill may be passed and the Irish government set up in haste. Then the Irish government may vote to supply Irishmen to the armies of the empire. It is not likely that the Irish government would decree conscription; indeed it could not do so under the plan for home rule prepared by the convention. The new home rule government might undertake to carry out a recruiting campaign for volunteers for the British army. How far that would help the situation one cannot say. It would still leave the British, Scotch and Welsh conscripted, while the Irish are exempt. The Sinn Fein are believed to be the strongest faction in Ireland. They contain most of the men of military age. They are not for the home rule plan formulated by the convention. They are irreconcilable. They will not volunteer. There is not much prospect that home rule will win the Irish to conscription or even to volunteering. Throughout the British isles the sanest opinion is that the government is adventuring upon a dangerous movement. Parliament plainly would not vote for conscription if the only alternative to such a vote were not the resignation of the ministry at this supreme crisis of the war. The government seems determined in its course. That course makes for hostility not only in Ireland but in England, Canada, Australia and the United States. It is a ghastly irony in view of British professions that this war is being conducted for the safety and self-determination of small peoples. Can the United States help Ireland and the Irish? Should not this nation, through its constituted officers, try to render such help? It would be help to the British empire as well. It would strengthen the battle line against Germany.



#### Henry Ford for Senator

MICHIGAN politicians are in a state of nervous prostration over the question whether Henry Ford will be a candidate for the United States senate. He won't say whether he will or not, but a vast number of people are talking of him for the place. They are the same people who wrote his name upon the ballots in the presidential primary. Mr. Ford is a Republican, or was, although now he is for Wilson. He was against the war and fitted out a crusade to stop it. Now he's for a victory over Germany and making machinery to bring about that victory. He is a prohibitionist, too, and Michigan will go dry on May 1st. The liquor interests have initiated a petition to dampen the state a little by permitting the manufacture and sale of light wines and beers. Enough signatures in favor of the change were obtained in Detroit alone to guarantee the appearance of the measure on the ballot. Mr. Ford will figure in the fight. He would get the dry vote almost surely. About the only thing that seems to make him hold off is his indecision as to what party he actually belongs to. The politicians don't cotton to him at all; he is too incalculable for them. But Michigan's *hoi polloi* like him and he has had an enormous amount of advertising. Discriminating citizens, how-

ever, while admitting the achievements of Mr. Ford in the manufacturing field, and while applauding his good intent in sociological experiments, are not convinced that he has the statesmanlike mind. They think that perhaps he can serve the country better in his workshop than in the senate.



#### Gompers' Conservatism

WE are not hearing much, these days, about the visit of English, French and Belgian leaders to this country to effect a *rapprochement* with the American Federation of Labor. The cause is probably that President Gompers is not warmly in favor of the foreign Labor programme. Mr. Gompers is against socialism at every point. He does not look kindly at the proposal that there shall be a Labor party in this country. Some years ago he and his organization set out to beat for congress a dozen candidates who had voted, as he and his organization thought, against the interest of Labor. Not a single one of the men thus opposed was defeated. Mr. Gompers naturally doesn't think there's much hope here for a Labor party. The unionized workers are better off in being able to work within the lines of both the old party organizations. Mr. Gompers does not want to enter upon such a large policy as is outlined in the British Labor party's scheme of reconstruction. That scheme has, to his mind, too much of a pacifistic flavor. It soars up into the realm of international politics and looks to some closer relation with the Socialists in Germany and Austria. Mr. Gompers doesn't see that the Teutonic Socialists are not Germans first and Socialists afterward. Therefore he won't have anything to do with them. His idea is that American Labor shall work first for American victory. That once achieved, American Labor can gain from a grateful country anything it may wish. It may even be able to do something internationally, because it will have a place at the peace table. In short Mr. Gompers is not going to dissipate the energies of the American Federation of Labor on matters that cannot properly come up anyhow until after the war. Just now it is his object to get the United States right with Labor and *vice versa*. Having done that he can outline a larger social programme and with a better chance of its sympathetic acceptance. Mr. Gompers is not going to stray from his job. He's not going off after prohibition. He is not "luney" over the various housing proposals. He is too much of a single taxer for that. He is opposed to such extensive socialization as is proposed for England—doesn't like its Fabianism. He has been fighting Socialism in the Federation for a quarter of a century, and the socialization that has received such a recognition as a necessity in war does not seem to him thereby to be justified as an institution in peace. For all this Mr. Gompers is severely criticised in some quarters. I should like to see him less committed to industrial "particularism," should like to see the policy of the Federation given a larger political sweep, but I am trying now to see the situation from his standpoint. I cannot help sympathizing with him to some extent, however, in his disinclination to get the organized workers so mixed up in the government machine that they will be likely to be ground to nothingness in its operation.



#### Russia Coming Back

THERE are indications that Russia may not be wholly out of the war for long. We don't hear much from Russia because all interest centers on the western front. But Mr. Browne, the correspondent of the *Chicago News* in Moscow, says very definitely that the council of soviets now supreme in Russia is becoming more conservative. The leaders talk of rescinding the repudiation of the national debt. They are talking of organizing an army of defense. They have an excuse for this in the alleged menacing attitude of Japan, but back of that is growing resentment of the Brest-Litovsk peace that was forced upon Russia, and the fact that the country is being iso-

lated. The western provinces taken from her are a ring of forts around her and she is shut off from the sea. The name of Kerensky is again being heard in discussions at the capital, and the need of order is being recognized. It is said that there are three or four Russian generals who have control of large bodies of Russian troops ready to fight the Germans, or failing that to fight the Bolshevik forces. Ambassador Francis has, in guarded dispatches, intimated that all is not lost to the allied cause in Russia. The Japanese threat has had a tendency to solidify the people to some extent. The need of getting business going and starting up agriculture is becoming apparent. This will require a closer articulation of governmental anatomy. The *Chicago News* cablegrams do not say that the revolution is going to pieces, but imply that it is gradually evolving into a government. Little is said about Lenine or Trotzky, lately so prominent in the news. The masses appear to think that the revolution cannot do much more than free the land from the landholding class. They begin to see that factories cannot run without managers and superintendents and that business of all kinds must be organized to provide for distribution. It is not apparent, so far as I can make out, that a violent counter-revolution is imminent. Rather the head centers of the revolution are finding their extreme ideas modified by the necessities of actual conditions and are trying to reduce a loose anarchy to some semblance of organization. It won't do to build any high hope of Russia doing anything offensive against Germany, even if Germany has but six divisions, or 72,000 men on her eastern line. The point of the late news from Russia is that she is beginning to condense and concentrate out of chaos, beyond the line of the German advance, that she is reverting to nationalism, that the process of disintegration is showing signs of being checked. To what extent this may affect the general war situation little can be said, but surely it cannot much relieve the allies of the pressure on the western front, if at all. It may possibly indicate the birth of a new spirit which, with a stoppage of the western drive, will operate later to a repudiation of the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty. If the news from Petrograd and Moscow correctly represents Russian conditions, there is a prospect that Germany will not hold her Russian gains if the allies and the United States can win in Flanders and France. The allies do not recognize the Brest-Litovsk treaty. They won't unless they are defeated. Until the decision is made then there will be a steady growth of Russian resentment of that peace and as it grows it will be a menace to Germany. This is a good reason why the allies and the United States should keep in helpful touch with Russia. They may even, in course of time, aid her to get Russian armies back into the field against Germany.



#### Goethe's Statue

THERE is a movement to have a statue to Goethe removed from one of the parks in Chicago. This is the inanity of "patriotism." Goethe wasn't an exponent of the kind of Teutonism that we are now fighting. His was a universal mind. He was a republican more than anything else. The work he did does not glorify any such purposes as we are now opposing in arms. He was not so much of a jingo patriot of Germany as Shakespeare was of England. Goethe belongs to all mankind. Those who want to dishonor his statue know nothing of him and as little of patriotism. These superheated iconoclasts in Chicago should let Goethe's statue alone and devote their energies to rolling up an over-subscription to the third liberty loan.



#### Tom Mooney's Case

THE governor of California certainly should pardon Tom Mooney under sentence of death for the San Francisco bomb murder on the day of the preparedness parade. Mooney was and is a rabid radical. But he was found guilty upon evidence an important

part of which has been shown since to have been perjury. The California supreme court has affirmed the sentence upon Mooney because the fact of the perjury came up after the case had been appealed and was not a matter in the record of the trial. The court says there is nothing in the record to warrant a reversal and remand for a new trial. Mooney's friends ask that he be pardoned in this one case. There are others against him upon which he is willing to go to trial. No matter what Mooney may be, he should not be legally executed for a crime fastened on him by testimony proved to have been bought for the prosecution by one of the state's witnesses. If other murders can be proved upon him without the evidence that weighed so heavily in one case—and the other murders were all due to the explosion said to have been set off by Mooney—he may be hanged without exciting much sympathy or protest; but his execution upon the strength of perjury well established will do more injury to the government, law and society than could be done by a dozen such crimes as the one of which he is accused. Not because the Bolsheviks in Petrograd demanded his release, not because a politically powerful labor element looks upon him as a martyr-champion, not because his death may cause sabotage reprisals on government work, should he be shown clemency, but because all the evidence upon which he was convicted is tainted by the demonstration that some important evidence was false and was purchased for the state.

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CONGRESS has rebuked George Creel. Well, George Creel had previously rebuked congress. Let it go at that. Honors are even. Let us get on with the war.

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#### A Course for Senator Reed

SENATOR REED is now the senior representative of Missouri in the upper house of congress. I hope that the senator will see the appropriateness of letting up and slowing down on his opposition to Mr. Hoover and the food regulations. The senator hasn't made any headway in his long and masterful fight. The country is not with him to any appreciable extent. The senator is wasting excellent powers that might well be devoted to other matters. It would be no discredit to him to quit at this stage of the war. He is too good a man to be in a lonely opposition that accomplishes nothing. Hoover is a fact accomplished. There's no getting rid of him. He has made good with everybody but Senator Reed. Missouri's senior senator should put his fight on Hoover behind him and move on to other things. He is now the leader of his party in Missouri. I don't think he can lead the party in the way he has been going. He may find he has no party to lead, however brilliant his leadership. His colleague, soon to be chosen, will have little sympathy with the Reed tactics. We may see the eloquent and stubborn statesman from Kansas City deprived of even so much sympathy as he may have had from the late Senator Stone and that was not a great deal—in public. Stone, however, was strong in Missouri and could help Reed, as no one else could or can. Therefore Senator Reed should get in closer touch with the administration and with his party in Missouri for his country's sake, for his party's and for his own.

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#### A Suggestion for Senator

If I were Governor Gardner I think I should appoint Festus J. Wade to the senatorship made vacant by the death of William Joel Stone. The mere fact that Mr. Wade is a banker should not disqualify him. He's not a very bankersque banker—not the typical banker of the uplift novel or the socialistic cartoon. He's about as liberal-minded a banker as will be found from coast to coast. He's as thorough-going a democrat and Democrat as a banker could possibly be. He has done a great deal to help in the war. Before we entered the war he was a

heartly advocate of preparedness and he tried bravely to do something to help the south when it was suffering from six-cent cotton. Events turned out to help the south, but if they hadn't Mr. Wade's plan would have done much good. In the work of helping the sale of Liberty bonds he has been conspicuously effective. He has been a steady consultant with Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, and that officer hasn't any use for mere ornamental co-operation. Mr. Wade has the capacity for enthusiasm. His interests extend beyond ledgers and balances. He has ideas that are not exclusively financial and commercial. I think he would fill the bill excellently until such time as the state can elect another senator. Indeed he would fill it well as an elected senator, but I do not think that he would care to give six years to the place. The senatorship is a post to be filled on considerations largely political. Mr. Wade is not a politician. If Governor Gardner appoints one of the political aspirants, he will give such an appointee a great advantage in the furtherance of nomination and election. The governor would come near to making the senator for the next regular term. If he have aspirations himself the governor would smash them by appointing any really worth-while politician. The politicians fear he will resign the governorship and accept the appointment at the hands of the lieutenant-governor, moved up to the governorship. The governor has said he would not aspire to any office after he had filled this one. He will not have wholly filled this one until his term is finished, though he has most ably filled it up to the present time, and moreover he has declared his intention of completing it. It may be that a banker could not be elected United States senator from Missouri. There are bankers and bankers, as Mr. Wade illustrates and exemplifies. But right now is a time when a banker wouldn't be out of place in the senate from Missouri, especially a heart-and-soul-in-the-war banker and a fervent supporter of the administration. There may be some policies pronouncedly or even extremely democratic that Mr. Wade might not favor but none of them, in all probability, will come up during the period for which the senatorship will be filled by appointment. War is the country's chief, if not its only, business now and Mr. Wade would make a splendid war senator. With Mr. Wade in the place by appointment, Governor Gardner would then not have given any political candidate an advantage over others for the nomination and election for the next full term. He would leave a fair field and no favor. The people would truly choose, without having anyone forced upon them by the governor and backed by his state machinery. They might well appreciate this action so highly that they would nominate and elect Governor Gardner. The governor's record up to date is such that the people will surely insist upon considering him for the full term senatorship. That record would be enormously strengthened if as between all the strictly political aspirants to the unexpired term, he should maintain a strict neutrality. But nothing herein is to be construed as signifying that I regard it as impossible that in any time, however short, in the senatorship, Mr. Wade should so demonstrate that there would be nothing for the state to do but to continue him in the place by party nomination and popular election. And of course Mr. Wade would be under no pledge not to be a candidate to succeed himself.

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#### What's the Truth?

THERE is no cessation of the assertions that this country is terribly and disgracefully behind time in the matter of supplying airplane and aviator support in adequate quantity and requisite proficiency on the battle front. The country can hardly believe that things in this respect can be as bad as they are said to be. But if they be bad, or worse, the public should know it. The statements officially made of tremendous progress have been denied, and other statements are that there has been no progress at all. Some people don't believe the assertions of the war

department and the bureau of information, while others don't believe the declarations and intimations of the report of the senate committee of investigation. Everybody will believe the President. The President should tell us the truth.

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#### Ships and Workers

Now it is Mr. Charles M. Schwab who is to see that we get ships in plenty. He is a genius in steel and it's steel that is chiefly needed in the building of ships. He says he will see that the steel and the ships are forthcoming. It would really seem that if with Charles M. Schwab and General Goethals and Edward N. Hurley working together we cannot get ships in plenty and in short time, we cannot get them at all. It is probable that when the ships begin coming from the yards they will come with a rush. A goodly number of them must be pretty well along in construction even now. No man or men could have produced ships with sufficient rapidity to satisfy the impatience of the people. The greatest need in ship production has been competent labor. It would seem that more of this has latterly been made available. It may be necessary to bring into action still more. That is one of the reasons advanced in support of a measure to register the man-power of the country from 18 years of age to 50, and to classify it for employment in respect to its fitness for effective or non-effective industry, dependency claims and so forth, giving the war department authority to dispose of the men in the various industries, those not so disposed being sent into the army. This means conscription of labor. It looks like a desperate device. Labor organizations do not believe in it. The President is said not to favor it. It does not seem likely the President would hold back from it if he were not satisfied that the labor can be had in sufficient supply without recourse to such a measure. The President has more information about all such matters and in their inter-relation than any other person in the country. We must trust him, because there is nobody else to trust. We must be sure he is looking for the best man for every job. His choice of Mr. Schwab for the head of the ship-building job is proof of this. His choice of Mr. Stettinius for direction of air-craft production is another proof. These men are approved by the men in the larger business world as possessing just the kind of abilities needed in those departments. They are men who "get things done." But they cannot get things done without the aid of machinists, foundrymen, carpenters and other workers in the trades. From the fact that the President is said not to favor conscription of such workers we may deduce the conclusion that the workers are being procured by less drastic, more democratic methods.

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#### Universal Service

UNIVERSAL compulsory military service is being powerfully urged at present from many quarters. I don't believe that the country wants it. I take it that the advocates of the policy mean it to be a permanent one, that it shall be inaugurated now and perpetuated after the war. It seems to me that the American people are satisfied that conscription shall be continued to the extent necessary to win the war, but they are not disposed to be given over to universal compulsory military service for one day beyond the disbanding of the army after the war. This proposed programme seems to hold too much promise, or rather threat, of more war. The proposal comes at a time when it looks like it is being forced upon us while we are supposed to be in a panic fear of German success. There is not any such fear or panic. The people feel that we shall put an end to the German peril in this war, so effectively that there will be no need for universal compulsory military service as protection against Teutonism hereafter. They have seen so much of what has come upon the world from compulsory universal military service that they want none of it here for any longer than is necessary to end all danger of it elsewhere. There

will not be a convincing argument for such service, to most Americans, until the Germans have taken Paris and London, and are threatening New York and Boston, that is, at the Greek calends. We may need an army of five million men to beat the Germans and the men will be there, but the Americans will not readily consent to universal compulsory service on anything like the German or the French plan. They do not see that as a way to make the world safe for democracy. It is not proved yet that our view and Great Britain's view of a standing army is the wrong one. The improvised British army is not yet whipped and our improvised army is getting into shape and is already in action. The administration now in power wants to win this war, but no one in the administration is in a panic. This is Mr. Wilson's, Mr. Baker's, Mr. Daniels' war as much as it is the war of the National Security League. Universal compulsory service assumes that there is to be no League of Nations, that this war is going to settle nothing and change nothing, that the world is going to be Prussianized whether Germany wins or loses. The American people do not believe any such thing. They believe they are fighting for and they know they will achieve such world conditions as will make compulsory universal military service unnecessary. The more they see of war the stronger they believe and know this.

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#### *The Life of Col. House*

COL. E. MANDELL HOUSE had, erstwhile, a large reputation for wisdom, but it has suffered a sad derogation, latterly, by reason of his consenting to the publication of a fatuous biography of himself. The narrative makes him ridiculous by imputing to him the inception and execution of most of the large political doings of the past ten years. He has shaped the destinies of the republic. He discovered or made Woodrow Wilson. He formulated this nation's policy in the great war. Not that only, but he had a hand in shaping events in Great Britain, France, Italy and even in Germany. He is, in fact, subtly and insidiously exalted above his friend Mr. Wilson. House is the power behind the throne—much more than a fourth co-ordinate branch of the government—more than a minister without portfolio—more than an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at large. The constitution and the statutes make no provision for him, but here he is. What he is and what he has done his biographer tells us with an intolerable deal of padding. The result is a book at which the irreverent laugh and the judicious grieve. The life of Mr. House is not nearly so interesting as the novel he wrote, "Philip Dru, Administrator," in which, with, evidently, himself in mind, he portrays his hero as a great economist and a great military genius who saves the people most grandiosely. This newly published biography gives us the key to "Philip Dru, Administrator." It discloses a powerful vanity lurking under Mr. House's celebrated reticence. He claims everything, through his biographer, as if to say "all of which I was and all of which I saw." Why, if William J. Gaynor had not offended E. M. House, the said William J. Gaynor might have been to-day the occupant of the White House! The Democratic convention at Baltimore was an unnecessary formality. Col. House had picked the man for it to choose. Mr. William Jennings Bryan had nothing to do with it—nothing at all. And ever since House's has been the hidden but directing hand at Washington. He has been the superior of all cabinet officers. His genius guided our diplomacy and maneuvered our army and navy. As the silent man he has outclassed Grant. The President has no other confidant: in fact the President is the Richelieu who is operated as a puppet by House as *l'Eminence Grise*. The "real Col. House" is "the real thing." Our old friend Uncle Sam in the cartoons begins to look like Col. House, and so do all the statesmen whose faces appear upon our paper money. The Colonel is immortal. He has taken care to make himself so, for it is not to be supposed that his biographer has put out the book,

published by Doran, without the full knowledge and consent of the apotheosized subject. You must read the life of Col. House. It will cheer you up, for it will enable you not to despair of the republic, since it is in his keeping.

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#### *Respectability's Disaster*

THE other day in New York city, fifty election officials, Republican and Democratic, were found guilty of fraudulent practices in the last mayoralty election, and sentenced to a brief imprisonment. All the frauds were committed in the interest of the candidacy of John Purroy Mitchel. That young man was the most respectable and ultra-patriotic candidate for mayor that ever was. All the intellect, youth, beauty, fashion, reform and wealth of the metropolis was for him to a finish—and they finished him. They insisted that everybody who was against him was seditious, disloyal, a pro-German. They had a fund of at least \$2,000,000 to put him over. They had the support of every respectable newspaper in New York. They had most of the churches lined up for him. They had all the fixers and stuffers on their side. They even had the advantage of the good record and good character of the candidate himself. And lo and behold, Mr. John Purroy Mitchel was defeated by a sort of rough-neck Tammany judge, one John F. Hylan. Respectability was completely overthrown. And now the men who wrought most devotedly for the candidate of the respectables must go to prison for two months. It is terrible to contemplate this disaster to good government. If good government, with all the crooks and \$2,000,000 can't carry New York city, the end has come. We shall have to reconcile ourselves to the sad inevitable of leaving things to the common people. There's no doing anything with them or for them. They are joined to their idols. They won't have a tango-expert though backed by Fifth avenue, Madison avenue, Wall street and the Ritz-Carlton crowd. Democracy is a failure. It doesn't know respectability when it sees it. And it crucifies the men who would save it from itself by fixing the elections.

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#### *Put in Your Coal*

IN his argument with Railroad Director McAdoo, Coal Commissioner Garfield won out with the President, and the railroads will have to pay full price for coal. They will not be favored over other consumers in order that the railroad direction may make a good financial showing. Mr. Garfield also carried the point on which he laid special emphasis—that there should be an equal distribution of cars to all the mines, that all may be kept going. In order to keep down the railroad consumption of coal and to keep the tracks clear the Railroad Director is providing for a more extensive and intensive use of water transportation. The Great Lakes will be more used, and all the navigable rivers. Transportation of war supplies from the middle west is to be further speeded up by the use of motor truck trains. Probably the coal question is the most important one we have now to deal with. It's back of the railroads, and of steel and in fact everything. When those who may be presumed to know tell us that there may be a coal famine next winter, we should be alarmed at least to the extent of getting busy to defeat the prophecy. The coal mines must be kept working now and through the summer. Coal that is not dug is coal that goes to waste. Full price for railroad coal stimulates mining. A plentiful supply of cars will prevent shut-downs. But there must be other stimulation. The public must begin putting in its coal orders at once. On what theory Coal Commissioner Garfield has decreed that the coal consumer who orders his coal in summer shall not get it a shade cheaper the earlier he orders it, is not very clear. It would help to bring coal out of the ground if such inducement by cheapness were well advertised now and during the summer. There ought to be no idle mines or mines working on half time. The government can do much to assure such a condition, but the government can do it quicker and better if

every coal user will help by putting his coal in early. If they won't we shall have more heatless days and closed factories next winter.

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#### *Soldiers' Mail Overseas*

DISPATCHES from Washington tell us that the American soldier boys in France are not getting their mail. None of them gets it regularly; most of them do not get it at all. Some of the Christmas packages mailed as early as last October had not been delivered at the end of March. Tons of undelivered letters are stacked up somewhere in France. Relatives and friends of the soldiers know this is true. They wonder how the boys get any mail, when they think of the changing, confusing, conflicting regulations that confront one who mails anything over-sea. The post-office says that the blame rests with the war department, which is averse to making known the location of army units. The war department has no words to say, but "military necessity." Complaint here and abroad has been smothered, until a short time ago. Making all allowance for the conditions that prevail in war, the average American must wonder what has happened to our much boasted efficiency. Our postal department used to be good. We were proud of it. Along comes a war and the establishment goes to pieces in the matter of getting letters to about 500,000 men. This isn't a new thing, like many of the things we are called upon to improvise the means of doing in war. It is simply an enlargement of a work which hitherto this country has done supremely well. A paralysis seems to have overtaken the system. And the Americans to whom more than to any other people the mail is an important factor of life, are subjected to annoyance and discomfort that in many instances become torture. This is a national humiliation.

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#### *Will Canada Join Us?*

SUPPOSE Germany should whip Great Britain and France, what do you think would be the biggest and possibly the first effect upon the United States? To this question put at a gabfest the other evening, came the response, "Canada would annex herself to the United States." For the United States would still be unwhipped, and Canada would make common cause with us, very naturally. Canada is doing well and nobly by the empire—all of Canada except the *habitants* of Quebec, but Canada is not so imperially minded as the speeches of some of her statesmen might lead us to believe. For example, Premier Borden introduced in parliament week before last an order in council providing for the abolition of hereditary titles. No honor or titular distinction, save for military service in the present war, would be conferred on a British subject resident in Canada except upon the advice of the prime minister of Canada, and no hereditary title would ever be conferred. Moreover, hereditary honors and titles already conferred would expire after a certain date. The Premier thought the carrying out of the last proposal might be difficult, but he is to present the whole matter to the Canadian ministers in London and, of course, to the members of the British government. This is a significant thing in Canadian opinion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, opposition leader, offers, without offense to the crown, to make a bonfire of his own title and decorations. Probably Canada doesn't think well of titles since the creation of Lord Beaverbrook, a Canuck *arriviste*, who is now powerful in finance and the press in London, a typical high-fancier. Beaverbrook himself said at a recent banquet in London that the future would develop an empire "not solely on a British basis." A well-known newspaper correspondent, Arthur Hawkes, says that annexation sentiment is growing even in Quebec. In the so-called prairie provinces, too, the influx of American farmers has promoted the annexation sentiment. Canada is drawn more closely to the United States by her financial necessities. She cannot now, or for some time, be financed in London. The war has cost her, maybe, a billion. American

capital is at her door in plenty. "The economic identity of this country and Canada is now virtually accomplished," and that should carry with it, before long, political identity. The resolutions against hereditary British privilege in Canada are symptoms of democratization that none can ignore. The Canadian need of this country, financially, is operating to do away with the sentiment that prevailed in the election in which Canada rejected the reciprocity proposal some years ago. It is not to be thought, however, that Canada will consider throwing in its fortunes with the United States before it has considered fully the programme of an imperial union of British peoples and dominions, but, quoting Mr. Arthur Hawkes aforementioned, "Whatever Canada may discard as unnecessary impedimenta of war—kingly prerogative or hereditary privilege—she cannot leave America." Her fortunes and her future are, to that extent, inextricably intertwined.

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#### The Casualty Lists

We have yet to hear from Secretary of War Baker or from anyone else, any satisfactory explanation of the order prohibiting the publication of the home addresses of our soldiers whose names appear in the casualty lists. No one has yet figured out how such publication can convey information of value to the enemy. The Germans probably know how many men we have at the front. Their mathematicians can calculate from actuarial statistics the strength of our force on the basis of the statements published about the number of deaths from disease. From what part of this country the American soldiers confronting the Germans may come does not appear to have any valuable military significance. The different American divisions are made up of men from all parts of the union. Moreover, the relatives and friends of our boys who may be killed or injured are sure to convey the information to the newspaper published nearest their home. The order of suppression of addresses seems to be absurd.

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#### The City Printing

MAYBE it would be better for St. Louis to print an official gazette than to publish the aldermanic and other proceedings, advertise lettings of contracts, and all that sort of thing in daily papers at a rate below that charged other advertisers but still at a heavy annual cost. Mayor Kiel thinks it would. His mind has worked to such a conclusion since the *Post-Dispatch* and the *Republic* have been urging the stoppage of the city printing in German papers. There is no need now for such city printing in German. This is an English speaking nation, and its official publications should be in our own language and no other, save perhaps in some of our possessions. There are very few people in St. Louis who can read German and cannot read English. To reach those few by the present plan costs entirely too much. So much for the German printing. As to the printing in English papers, that seems better than to start a city paper. Where such papers are published by municipalities they are not of much use and they become "grafts" or, at the least, snaps. They are not widely circulated. They do not actually inform the people on city affairs. A weekly journal such as the mayor proposes to print would present the official news too belatedly. The city should run an official daily if anything. City printing in German should have been discontinued long ago, not because of German-hating, but because of inutility and expensiveness. But the best way for the city to get its news before the people is through the daily papers.

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#### The Tax Question

A MAJORITY of Missouri's Board of Equalization is dead set against anything more than about the usual annual increase in tax assessments; notwithstanding the state's urgent need of a much greater revenue than ever before. The board is determined to reduce the tax commission's valuation by about \$2,120,000.

The tax commission's increased assessment carried with it of necessity a reduction in the tax rate. However the matter may be considered pragmatically, the fact is that the tax commission's assessments comply with the law for assessment at actual money value. The Board of Equalization proposes to nullify the law. And the purpose of nullification is to win political favor. The law should be obeyed, especially by officials under oath to obey the law.

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#### The U. S. Ordinance

THE United Railways has no cinch contract with the city under the new compromise ordinance. The enactment is only a permit revocable at any time. The state utilities board has power over rates of fare. The ordinance only gives the corporation a chance to reorganize itself and "be good." If it doesn't behave the city can change the ordinance. The first thing the city needs is better service and the compromise ordinance should provide that. Later, when the company is in better shape, it can be disciplined.

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## At the Headquarters of the All Highest

By Ernest Vulcanson

(Suggested by William Marion Reedy's Clausewitzian dictum: "In war the rule of action is to do the best one can with the material at hand in the shortest possible time.")

ON one side of the table, in a cavern far beneath the surface of Flanders, sat the three to whom the German people had apparently entrusted their destiny. Opposite sat Bernstorff. A portfolio filled with newspaper clippings and letters lay open before him.

"As directed," he began, "I have continued to keep in touch with American affairs. I know those people, and can tell you what they are doing now, and what we may expect in the future."

"So." It was the oldest of the three who spoke. "Please be brief."

"Certainly. Let me begin with what is most serious to us now—the American army. It is first-class; young, courageous—"

The oldest man interrupted him. "Courage is as common as grass. All men have it, as I know, for I have seen it on every front. Discipline, iron discipline, that is the thing."

"That they have also," Bernstorff replied. "It differs from ours, but the results are quite as good. The officers are competent. Those that are not do not remain. There is no limit to the number of either officers or men and the will to victory is strong, not only in the fighting forces but in all the people."

"How about the loyal sons of the Fatherland—have they forgotten their duty to me?" the theatrical-looking one of the three asked.

"They don't exist, practically," answered Bernstorff shortly. "Many men and women of our blood are touched with compassion at the terrible position of their brethren in the old home, but a sense of duty towards you is—ridiculous."

The youngest of the three laughed. "Dear Count," he suggested, "do not fail in reverence. Papa forgets sometimes that these are intimate conferences, but neither he nor any of us has any illusions on that subject."

"We have no illusions on any subject," the oldest man said. "We act on knowledge only. And our desires," he added, "must not be permitted to color the facts."

Bernstorff nodded assent. "That is my opinion too. And now, having stated the strongest side, I will explain why America has failed to make her full strength immediately effective. By full strength I mean the power of her machinery, as distinguished

from her human material. It can be summed up in a phrase: the habit of peace."

"That apparently has not affected raising an army," the youngest man observed.

"No. That, it appears, was simple. No bookkeeping was involved and no tinkering possible, and in these two things, perfectly good in peace times, lies, I believe, the explanation of a certain, to us, welcome delay. Let me explain:—

"By bookkeeping I mean the purely commercial or bankers' point of view, which judges results solely by the balance sheet, and necessarily in terms of money. In our country where the great rewards are to the soldier, the power of the general staff is supreme, because the army has drawn into its ranks our very best men, and these are looked up to by all classes; mercantile, church and legislative. In America the great rewards are on the business man; he dominates all activities. Mostly of course the business man is a merchant of some sort: he buys as cheap as he can and sells as dear, and the production of things, to his mind, is incidental to the exchange of them at a profit. Our training is different: it is the things that count, though of course in normal times we do not despise the profit. So when America had instant need of things, before production could start, the terms of contracts, the specifications—all the usual peace procedure had to be observed. And so there has been delay."

"Including railway operations?" the oldest man asked.

"Including, particularly, railway operations," Bernstorff answered.

"Were the railways in good condition?"

"On the contrary: they were badly in need of many things."

"It is like Russia. Did you play the part in American affairs that Von Stutting did in Russia?"

Bernstorff smiled. "I heard of Von Stutting's clever work in persuading the czar to reduce operating expenses on the state railways through not keeping up the supply of cars and locomotives, but Americans needed no suggestion from me to do the same thing."

"I have awarded Von Stutting a cross of the fourth class," the theatrical-looking man stated, solemnly.

"He earned it," the oldest man approved. "We had strong reasons for thanking him when the Carpathian invasion broke down. The Russian army might have kept on going indefinitely if it had not been for his foresight."

"But, surely," the youngest man asked, "no time was lost in America in doing everything possible to quickly remedy the results of such stupidity?"

"I have said," Bernstorff replied, "that the two things that have delayed America were bookkeeping and tinkering, and these two things materially affected the railroads. Bookkeeping delayed unification—in that only bookkeeping could be concerned; but that having been adjusted, tinkering came promptly to the fore. I use this term to express a certain American passion for improving everything—religion, medicine, politics, and, of course, machinery. It is with the last that we are now concerned. We all know that the American railroads, on the whole, and considering the size of them, have been efficiently operated. But, as is everything in America, the management was intensely individual on each line, and so when the government took them over the first thing the government official did was to try to standardize everything, including locomotives and cars. Necessarily this caused delay—it still causes it, for that matter. For instance, the car shops instead of being the busiest of places are idle or running very much less than capacity."

The oldest man smiled. "The bureaucratic mind is a wonderful thing. It is not absent from the Fatherland, but the staff understands and controls it. Why, the first thing we did after the Marne was to issue orders to every car shop in Germany to go ahead and build as many cars as it could, regardless of specifications; we wanted cars. And I have had many occasions to be grateful for the prompt re-

sponse, although sometimes a train of the cars looks a little disorderly. But they serve: and as was foreseen, with no specifications, and orders for as many as could be built, every shop used all the local materials it could. Most of the cars will be scrapped when peace comes, but in the meantime they are invaluable. You remember the first paragraph in the instructions to officers of the staff—"Everything having to do with the movement of men or material in war must be classed as of the same importance as the men and material. A shell starts towards the enemy when the ore is mined and the movement of that ore from mine to furnace is as essential to victory as its flight from the gun. All indeed is part of the same movement."

"I remember it very well," Bernstorff answered. "We are bred to war, and think of everything in relation to war, while America thinks in terms of peace."

"How about ships?" the youngest man asked.

"Ah, there, I think, the Americans are doing much better. No pre-conceived ideas had to be scrapped, and the work has not been materially delayed. For one thing, everyone in America clearly perceives the truth that ships are essential and no explanations of delay or excuses are accepted. Pershing's 'bridge of boats' has caught their imagination. We can get no satisfaction from that source—except the little due to the idea of some bureaucrat that no boats should be built that will not be useful after the war. But I fancy that particular bureaucrat will find himself pretty much in the position of Mark Twain's daddy-long-legs that stepped on a red-hot griddle. In fact, that is very likely to happen to a good many gentlemen who have not grasped the full meaning of Reedy's rule of action in war paraphrased from Clausewitz and printed in a recent number of his MIRROR.

"As to tinkering," he continued, "America is after all a pioneer community. Men had to do for themselves what in more settled countries the expert attended to. So it follows that there the established practices of the trades are not so binding. The instinct of workmanship is rather freer than with us, and pretty much everyone 'fixes.' From such a nation springs inventors, as we so well know; thank heaven these are rare. The national mental attitude towards machinery resolves itself into a desire and determination to improve it. And this passion has had its way with many things that the armies fighting in Europe had found on the whole satisfactory—the Lewis gun, the French 75, the airplane. Undoubtedly the attempt to improve these things has resulted in delay."

The oldest man sat thinking for some time and the others remained silent, waiting.

"All you tell me," he finally said, addressing Bernstorff, "confirms my opinion. Even with us calamitous mistakes have been made. The general staff, thinking in terms of artillery, infantry and cavalry, did not grasp the idea the young airmen were preaching and so the war began without the 50,000 airplanes they advocated. We know now if their advice had been followed, the war would have ended in two weeks. Also we started off with contracts carefully drawn and rigid specifications for materials—high-grade bronze for washers, required analysis of steel just on the edge of the impracticable—everything a little better than any manufacturer was accustomed to. That too was perfectly natural, because the heart of the nation goes out to its fighting man and he must have the best. We soon found out, however, that the best was always what could be given him the quickest. And the quantities required were beyond pre-war imagination. So we made our specifications to fit our productive facilities; we used bar iron instead of steel; cast iron instead of cast steel; soft steel instead of bronze; always we tried to make what could be quickly had serve our needs. And you see with what result: for instance, for certain operations to-day we are using concrete shells. Need drove us—and in time it will drive America. And when it does, production of war essentials will

be increased beyond belief. So the American delay but gives us a breathing spell—in the very nature of things, it is temporary. That is my judgment. Is it yours?"

"Yes," said Bernstorff.

"And you?" He addressed the theatrical-looking man.

"I cannot believe that a democracy, without God-sent leaders to guide"—

"Bosh," interrupted the youngest man. "Papa knows very well that what you say is true. And I know it."

"Then," said the oldest man, "there is but one thing to do."

"Yes. We must have a decision before America can strike. Things are not going well at home; the socialist rats that drove us into this are gnawing again. If we are to go down, let it be with flying colors."

"But, my people"—the theatrical man bowed his head and moaned.

"We are your people," the youngest man said. "The others, if you wait until America can strike, will rend you limb for limb, and I would cheerfully lead the mob. They will probably do it in any event," he added, "but there is still a chance to save you."

The oldest man, apparently accustomed to these family scenes, paid no attention.

"I think that is all," he said to Bernstorff. "I wish as you go out, you would tell Ludensdorff I want him. We will prepare to strike, with all our forces, at once."

The theatrical-looking man appeared to brighten up. "Then I must prepare my proclamations and telegrams. Where is my 'War Messages of Napoleon?'"

Bernstorff looked puzzled.

"I do not remember a resemblance"—

"There is none," the youngest man interrupted. "Papa desires to go down to the ages as the greatest statesman and soldier of all time, but he is also an author, and I think that fame is nearest to his heart. Plagiarism is the unforgivable sin, at least in second-class authors, and so papa has to be careful not to give the penny-a-liners a chance to spring the deadly parallel columns on him. It is quite a chore, too, to compete with Napoleon without copying him."

♦♦♦♦

## At Decapolis

(MARK, CHAP. V.)

By Edgar Lee Masters

(Copyright 1918 by Edgar Lee Masters.)

### I.

#### THE ACCUSATION

I AM a farmer and live  
Two miles from Decapolis.  
Where is the magistrate? Tell me  
Where the magistrate is!

Here I had made provision  
For children and wife,  
And now I have lost my all;  
I am ruined for life.

I, a believer, too,  
In the synagogues.—  
What is the faith to me?  
I have lost my hogs.

Two thousand hogs as fine  
As ever you saw,  
Drowned and choked in the sea—  
I want the law!

They were feeding upon a hill  
When a strolling teacher  
Came by and scared my hogs—  
They say he's a preacher,

And cures the possessed who haunt  
The tombs and bogs.  
All right; but why send devils  
Into my hogs?

They squealed and grunted and ran  
And plunged into the sea.  
And the lunatic laughed who was healed,  
Of the devils free.

Devils or fright, no matter  
A fig or straw.  
Where is the magistrate, tell me—  
I want the law!

### II.

#### JESUS BEFORE MAGISTRATE AHIAZ

Ahaz, there in the seat of judgment, hear,  
If you have wit to understand my plea.  
Swine-devils are too much for swine, that's clear,  
Poor man possessed of such is partly free,

Is neither drowned, destroyed at once, his chains  
May pluck while running, howling through the mire  
And take a little gladness for his pains,  
Some fury for unsatisfied desire.

But hogs go mad at once. All this I knew,—  
But then this lunatic had rights. You grant  
Swine-devils had him in their clutch and drew  
His baffled spirit. How significant,

As they were legion and so named, the point  
Is, life bewildered, torn in greed and wrath.  
Desire puts a spirit out of joint.  
Swine-devils are for swine, who have no path.

But man with many lusts, what is his way,  
Save in confusion, through accustomed rooms?  
He prays for night to come, and for the day  
Amid the miry places and the tombs.

But hogs run to the sea. And there's an end.  
Would I might cast the swinish demons out  
From man forever. Let the world attend.  
The lesson of the thing what soul can doubt?

What is the loss of hogs, if man be saved?  
What loss of lands and houses, man being free?  
Clothed in his reason sits the man who raved,  
Clean and at peace, your honor. Come and see.

Your honor shakes a frowning head. Not loth,  
Speaking more plainly, deeper truth to draw;  
Do your judicial duty, yet I clothe  
Free souls with courage to transgress the law

By casting demons out from self, or those  
Like this poor lunatic whom your synagogues  
Would leave to battle singly with his woes—  
What is a man's soul to a drove of hogs?

Which being lost, men play the hypocrite  
And make the owner chief in the affair.  
You banish me for witchcraft. I submit.  
Work of this kind awaits me everywhere.

Casting the swinish devils out of men  
And into swine where better they belong,  
The devils have their place at last, and then  
The man is healed who had them—where's the wrong

Save to the owner? Well, your synagogues  
Make the split hoof and chewing of the cud  
The test of lawful flesh. Not so are hogs.  
This rule has been the statute from the flood.

Ahaz, your judgment has a fatal flaw.  
Is it not so with judges first and last—  
You break the law to specialize the law?—  
This is the devil that from you I cast.

# Yeats' Suppressed Wishes

By Lesley Thornton

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS' new book "Per Amica Silentia Lunae" (Macmillan, New York) is difficult to understand. The first part of it, which is concerned with the nature of the artist, is comparatively simple; but the second part, which is about ghosts, dreams, spiritualism, and other matters of the kind, will puzzle the average man like the formulae of a magician. Mr. Yeats speaks a language which is not understood in the street. He seems to be addressing an audience sitting in a room with lowered lights in which it is not necessary even for one's meaning to be clear. Perhaps it is that he is trying to express the inexpressible. He speaks of the vision that "would carry us when it comes in sleep to that moment when even sleep closes her eyes and dreams begin to dream." Mr. Yeats seems to be struggling to express some such intangible world as this in English prose. In the result, he is intelligible in sentences, but he is not coherently intelligible. One understands him more or less when he describes a dream of prevision:

"A couple of years ago, while in meditation, my head seemed surrounded by a conventional sun's rays, and when I went to bed I had a long dream of a woman with her hair on fire. I awoke and lit a candle, and discovered presently from the odor that in doing so I had set my own hair on fire."

One may take the view that the accident to Mr. Yeats' hair was merely a coincidence or an instance of unconscious imitation, rather than the fulfillment of a vision. But at least the incident is as clearly narrated as anything in "Gulliver's Travels." On the other hand, wherein does one walk but in a bog and a fog of words when, speaking apparently of the "passionate dead," Mr. Yeats declares of them:—

"The inflowing from their mirrored life, who themselves receive it from the Condition of Fire, falls upon the Winding Path called the Path of the Serpent, and that inflowing coming alike to men and to animals is called natural. There is another inflow which is not natural but intellectual, and is from the fire; which descends through souls who pass for a lengthy or a brief period out of the mirror life, as in sleep out of the bodily life, and though it may fall upon a sleeping serpent, it falls principally upon straight paths."

Even supposing the passage does not refer, as we have assumed it does, to the "passionate dead," we find it difficult to impose a meaning on it. It seems to us to fall through imagery into jargon. It would not cease to be jargon if we could refer it to something already written by Swedenborg or Blake. Nor does Mr. Yeats become more lucid when writing of a man's "daemon"—(he seems to hold that every man has a daemon who is his opposite)—he says:—

"His descending power is neither the winding nor the straight line, but zig-zag, illuminating the passive and active properties, the tree's two sorts of fruit."

All this may be in some way related to the experience of devotees of magic or spiritualism. It bears no more relation to the experience of the majority of men and artists than do the abstract words of Mrs. Eddy.

The first of the two essays in Mr. Yeats' book, discussing the nature of the artist, is interesting and provocative, though one may not jump to agreement with it. Mr. Yeats' theory, put in a few words, is that the artist expresses not himself but his anti-self in his art. His art, as it were, is praise of a virtue or beauty from which in his daily life he is cut off. Mr. Yeats is persuaded that Dante "celebrated the most fair lady poet ever sung and the Divine Justice . . . because he had to struggle in his heart with his unjust anger and his lust." He quotes as additional evidence in support of his theory the instances of William Morris and Landor:—

"William Morris, a happy, fussy, most irascible man, described dim color and pensive emotion, following, beyond any man of his time, an indolent muse; while Savage Landor

topped us all in calm nobility when the pen was in his hand, as in the daily violence and his passion when he had laid it down."

Keats similarly expressed his anti-self in his verse. Mr. Yeats prefaces a poem to his new book, in which he says of Keats:—

"I see a schoolboy, when I think of him,  
With face and nose pressed to a sweet-shop window,  
For certainly he sank into his grave,  
His senses and his heart unsatisfied;  
And made—being poor, ailing, and ignorant,  
Shut out from all the luxury of the world,  
The ill-bred son of a livery stable keeper—  
Luxuriant song."

We need not pause to examine the truth of the statement that Keats was poor and ignorant and ill-bred, or that he died without having satisfied his senses. Even if we grant this, for the sake of argument, how are we to explain an equal passion for luxury in Oscar Wilde, who had none of Keats' disadvantages? We fancy Mr. Yeats would be on surer ground if he held that, while genius often grasps after a perfection which has no resemblance to the artist's common days, still the artist may as readily express the extreme logic of his life in his art as the contradiction of it. Otherwise we should find Cowper writing of adultery and Shelley singing the praises of tyrants. Mr. Yeats' theory is true only in so far as it means that in art the unfulfilled life achieves or attempts to achieve fulfillment. When he brings in Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson as witnesses in support of his theory, all that he proves is that they put into their song a virtue they were too weak of will to express in their lives.

"Johnson and Dowson, friends of my youth, were dissipated men, the one a drunkard, the other a drunkard and mad about women, and yet they had the gravity of men who had found life out and were awakening from their dream; and both—one in art and life and one in art and less in life—had a continual preoccupation with religion."

This proves nothing but that Johnson and Dowson were, like other men, subject to temptation and weak in their resistance to it. They differed from their neighbors not in their errors but in their genius. Christina Rossetti was as continually preoccupied with religion as either of them. She both wrote and lived virtuously. Johnson and Dowson lived viciously and wrote virtuously, and neither of them wrote as well as she did. We cannot see how Mr. Yeats can hope to prove his theory of the self and the anti-self except by strictly selecting his facts and refusing to consider the evidence on the other side.

If this theory were true, it would be as immoral as it would be foolish to oppose it. If it is false, however, it is most important that it should be opposed and exploded, as there is no theory which is more likely to make a young man wishing to be a poet go out and make a fool of himself. Bohemia would be revived in its ancient popularity, for artists would feel that they were at liberty to indulge the self in all the seven sins, and that their anti-self, pure and white in its opposition, would look after their art. Mr. Yeats possibly would not put it that way. But that is the inference that the young and the sensual would draw from his theory. He seems to prove the divine necessity of Dante's "lechery" no less than of his idealism. "In all great poetical styles," he writes, "there is saint or hero, but when it is all over, Dante can return to his chambering and Shakespeare to his 'pottle pot.' They sought no impossible perfection but when they handled paper or parchment." And he writes on another page:—

"I think that we who are poets and artists, not being permitted to shoot beyond the tangible, must go from desire to weariness, and so to desire again, and live but for the moment when vision comes to our weariness like terrible lightning, in the humility of the brutes."

Those who live in this philosophy may produce an occasional minor poet like Ernest Dowson. They will never produce an Aeschylus or a Shakespeare or a

Shelley or a Browning. Great poets, like other great men, are, for the most part, largely preoccupied with morals. Dante would not have justified his faithlessness to Beatrice. He was not content, we may be sure, to "live in the humility of the brutes" in his daily life, as Mr. Yeats would have had him be content. His genius was a genius of struggle against evil, not a philosophic or half-time acquiescence in it. Genius, we may admit, does not necessarily produce sinfulness any more than it necessarily produces sinfulness. On the whole, however, we feel safe in asserting that the greatest men of genius have almost all been in line with the deeper moral sense of the world. It is the little men who shock us most. Most of the moral decadents among authors are quite tiny people.

The second part of Mr. Yeats' book we cannot hope to explain in a few sentences. In so far as it is personal, it describes the author's reasons for resorting hopefully to old women in Connaught and mediums in Soho in search of psychic experiences. Mr. Yeats accepts the theory that there is a great world-memory passed on from generation to generation, and that we can get psychically into touch with "knowledge running backward to the beginning of the world." He believes that all our mental images, as well as apparitions, are "found existing in the general vehicle of *Anima Mundi*, and mirrored in one particular vehicle." He is thus a Platonist as well as a Spiritualist. It is his Spiritualism, however, that will chiefly appeal to the mood of the present hour. He speaks almost as dogmatically of the dead and their thoughts and labors as mediums do. He writes, for instance:—

"The dead living in their memories, are, I am persuaded, the source of all that we call instinct, and it is their love and their desire, all unknowing, that makes us dive beyond our reason, or in defiance of our interest it may be; and it is the dream martins that, all unknowing, are master masons to the living martins building about church windows their elaborate nests."

He tells us again:

"The famous dead and those of whom but a faint memory lingers, can still—and it is for no other end than that, all unknowing, we value posthumous fame—tread the corridor and take the empty chair. A glove or a name can call their bearer; the shadows come to our elbow amid their old undisturbed habitations, and 'materialization' itself is easier, it may be, among walls or by rocks and trees that carry upon them particles of vehicles cast off in some extremity when they had still animate bodies."

"Certainly, the mother returns from the grave, and with arms that may be visible and solid, for a hurried moment, can comfort a neglected child or set the cradle rocking."

One may not be willing to admit Mr. Yeats' "certainties," but his views are of interest to us as the views of a man of genius who has always immersed himself in the lore of fairies and spirits. He describes in his new book the experiments he used to make in order to communicate in his dreams with the unseen world.

"I elaborated a symbolism of natural objects that I might give myself dreams during sleep, or rather visions, for they had none of the confusion of dreams, by laying upon my pillow or beside my bed certain flowers or leaves. Even to-day, after twenty years, the recollections of the messages that came to me from bits of hawthorn or some other plant seem of all moments of my life the happiest and the wisest."

The old-fashioned or the rationalistic will dismiss all this as sheer fancifulness, and we confess we have found little in Mr. Yeats' book that would pass as evidence in a court of law. On the other hand, it is always of extreme interest to know the creed of a man of letters. Mr. Yeats has, we gather, abandoned spiritualistic or magical experiments in recent years. At the end of his book, however, he tells us that he wonders whether he will take to his "barbarous words" of evocation once more, or "now that I shall in a little be growing old, to some kind of simple piety like that of an old woman." Alas, simple piety is not for the self-conscious! Mr. Yeats will have to lose his absorption in the design of the mask of his faith before he achieves the happy fortune of an old woman at her prayers.

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Olive and Locust, from Ninth to Tenth

### Letters From the People A Plague o' Poetastry!

Tulsa, Okla., April 17, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The undersigned hereby announces himself as a candidate for congressman-at-large on an anti-poetastry ticket. Final decision to run, after many years of reflection, was reached the other day when he read the following:

*"I've been down to the dentist's and  
Sat in his chair, with the shiny stand,  
An' the little bowl where he let me spit  
'Cause there's water running around in it,  
An' the funny tools in a big glass case  
Which the dentist uses inside your face"*  
—etc.

I make abject apology even for quoting that sickening slobber of insult to song, which has appeared this week in many daily newspapers, syndicated from a source—Detroit, F. O. B.—which supplies every day a so-called "poem."

The world is so full of a number of things, including good poetry going to waste, that one is impelled to despair of life when such things are put forth—and, ye gods! paid for.

In this day of stress and strain we need uplift and heartening, and a glimpse in our newspapers now and then of the

snow-pure heights; not a deliberate stooping to the vulgar, the vomit-provoking, the necessary-evil sort of thing; not that, but rather an upreaching after the sweetness and light of life; and even the humbler poets may help us toward that, may help even those who have little or no faculty for appreciation of the higher flights of poesy.

Poetry has been called the finest of the fine arts. Some newspaper syndicate "poets" of to-day are insulting that divine art frequently. Their diurnally spewed-out stuff tends toward debasing rather than uplifting the reader's taste. It gives the average reader a distaste for poetry, since the average reader mistakes any rhymed and metred matter for poetry.

Why use bog-mud for painting when oil colors are at hand? Why ragtime the scale when the dulcet harmonies sleeping and dreaming therein are avid for awakening? Why berhyme the beautiful English tongue in vapid vulgarities when its opulent and eager words await but the unsyndicated inspiration to wed themselves to the sweet simplicity of decent versifying? Why offend taste—oh, Lordy God!

I am willing to work without salary,

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mileage or clerk hire, yea, even without the franking privilege, if elected congressman-at-large for the United States of America on this sole issue and seated somewhere in front of Speaker Champ Clark until I can introduce and put through a bill entitled:

"AN ACT to suspend the constitution of the United States until cruel and unusual punishments may be visited upon poetasters who hire themselves out to syndicates and insult the finest of the fine arts at daily wage."

My majority, I am confident, will be overwhelming. Though personally I make no public claim to being a poet, I have felt for many years that there should be an American poet-lariat—that is, a poet sitting in congress with a lariat long enough to rope and throw about 90 per cent of the newspaper poets and 99-44/100 per cent of the magazine poets. Naturally the lariateer should come from the cowboy plains, and that is why I embolden myself to make this nation-wide announcement from Oklahoma.

BERT LOVE.

### Thrift Stamps and Tips

2118 Farmers Bank Bldg.,  
Pittsburg, Pa., April 19, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Anent Mr. Walker's letter in a recent MIRROR regarding using War Savings stamps as tips, I enclose you two excerpts from *The Sample Case*, the traveling man's magazine.

You will note one shows where Mr. Walker's plan is already in operation, while the other claims thrift would best be served by the abolition of all tipping. Hope they will be of interest to your readers as evidence of the thrift of the traveling man.

Members of the Cleveland Hotel Men's Association are advocating the use of Thrift Stamps for tips. Bell-boys and other employees are being provided with Thrift Stamp books in which the tipper will affix the stamp.

The war is teaching us many lessons along lines of common sense. We are discovering where we have been wasteful and given to many things which

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were expensive and foolish. So the whole world is reforming in many directions. There is one direction in which there is ample opportunity for reformation, and at the same time conservation of resources. That is in abandoning the utterly foolish and unjustifiable practice of giving tips. If tips were bestowed logically and with equal favor not so much could be said against the custom. But tips are given where they should not be, and withheld where they should be given. We tip a red-coated porter who grabs our grip at the depot and does what the company pays him for—carries it into the station. But we do not tip the street car conductor who hands down the wife's baby cart and helps lift the baby to the street. We tip a waitress or waiter at a hotel, and never think the little maid who serves us at home, and who is a thousand times closer to our daily life, should receive a tip at each meal. We tip a bootblack, and a coat girl, and a barber, but the cigar clerk who serves us with equal pains is never thought of in connection with a tip, and, thank goodness, would resent it if one were offered. All of the people whom we have been in the habit of tipping are paid for giving the service they render, and there is no earthly excuse why a customer should be called upon, simply because it is custom, to pay them an additional salary. And so now, when we are busy setting things to rights there is an opportunity to abolish a custom at once foolish, expensive and unfair.

WM. N. ROBSON.

### Pleasing Everybody

New York City, April 20, 1918.  
29 Broadway,

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I suggest this plan for readers of advanced papers: let each one instead of intermittently stopping his subscription, send a card to the editor marked "Pro-something" or "Anti-everything else" with his name.

Then when an anti-something article or a pro-anything else article, or a judicial one appears, let the mailing department either omit sending that number to him or tear out that page.

By that means each will be saved from the pain of seeing anything he does not approve of—on the same principle that the truly modest put skirts on their Venuses. For surely no one would wish to deprive others of reading what they approve. Even the truly modest allow the unashamed to lift the skirts.

BOLTON HALL.



### Land or Labor?

By John Beverley Robinson

I used to be a Henry George man. In fact, I was one of a dozen or so who welcomed him to New York at a fifty-cent dinner in a little Italian restaurant in Duane street, long since passed away. Also, with Louis Post, Charley Adams, Augustus Levy and a few others, I had the honor of starting the first Henry George paper—the *Freesoiler*, it was called—a little eight-page, six-by-nine inch sheet, which died an early death.

So it was not from lack of sympathy with the aims of Henry George that after a while single tax failed to satisfy me: I could not accept his justification of interest and profit.

But it is only recently—only within a year or two—that I have come to question the assumption that is at the very

root of the single tax theory—the assumption that some land is more productive than other land. This is the celebrated Ricardian rent theory, destined soon, I believe, to fill an unmarked grave, with other discarded economic theories.

Taking agricultural land only, of course some land is more productive than other land, but of what? Of something different usually. Imagine a world where all the land was the same, all climates the same; where nothing could be raised but one thing. Imagine, for instance, that the whole world had the climate and soil of Minnesota and Canada, where the finest wheat in the world is grown. Then we could grow the best wheat everywhere, but nothing else.

It is because of the unlimited variety of food that we desire and need, that the great variety of soils and climates is simply a variety of adaptability and not a gradation of quality.

What is good for one purpose is not so good for another. If we had no barren hillsides we might never have known the joys of buckwheat cakes for breakfast, and without cold and stony hills

tops where would our huckleberries come from?

For the same crop, fertility means putting back into the ground what we take out of it. It is a matter of fertilizer, which means labor, not land.

When it comes to the tremendous difference between the cost or rent—naturally it amounts to the same thing—of city lots and country acres, upon which single taxers most delight to moralize, there is no basis for comparison between them.

Single taxers say: It is the presence of the large population that gives such high value to the land; not perceiving that in so saying they are abandoning their claim that there is something inherently advantageous in the land that makes it more productive and capable of supporting a dense population.

They must make up their minds one way or the other. It is either some superiority of the land or the great number of people that makes the land of a city valuable; and if it is the people, it is not the land.

Does city land, as a matter of fact, exceed other land in productiveness? Is

it more advantageous in any way? Sometimes some natural advantage of site determines or helps to determine, the origin of the city, as St. Louis, built on a rise of land above the highest flood. But when a city is needed it grows up on the most adverse site, as New Orleans on a mud flat barely above low water.

Notice too that as farm land becomes city land, it advances in price without any change whatever in its natural advantages.

Every town is surrounded by farming land that is sold by the acre as long as it remains farm land. When a farmer comes to the conclusion that the town has grown out near enough to him, he cuts his farm up into lots, perhaps twelve or fifteen to the acre, and sells each lot for more than an acre formerly cost. Yet the land is exactly what it was before; not changed in any way; no more productive in any way.

Oh! but, the single taxer will say, the land is made more valuable by the proximity of a large population. It will shortly become covered with a large population itself.

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## Music

By Victor Lichtenstein

### A RETROSPECT

Precisely. But don't you see, Mr. Single Taxer, that, in assigning population as the cause of value, you are abandoning your assertion of the superior productivity of the bare land? No doubt there are advantages in living in a populous community—advantages of proximity to each other for business and pleasure, theatres, movies, railroads, and all the rest of it, but these are advantages that are brought by labor; they distinctly do not inhere in the land.

Your second contention, however, is correct. It is the people that give the value. The value does *not* spring from the "favored site." We can agree upon that.

But how, I ask, does the mere presence of people make the land so valuable? And you explain, glibly enough, that so many people, all wanting to live in the same place, all bidding against each other for the chance to live there, naturally drive prices up.

You fail to observe that, while the price per square foot of land is greater, the price per head of population has not increased.

This startling statement I am not prepared to back up with rows of statistical figures. I haven't got them, and I wouldn't bore you with them if I had. But general observations you can make for yourself.

The cost of accommodations that will enable a single person to earn a living in a city are no greater than the necessary land for one person in the country. What is the minimum accommodation required in a city? Deskroom, perhaps, is the smallest space in which one can do business; and deskroom costs no more than the acre or two required for each member of a family that works on a farm in the country.

A store in the city, on a lot perhaps 25 by 100 feet, may support the proprietor and his family, and two or three employees and their families, say a dozen individuals in all. The land on which it stands will cost no more than a farm on which an equal number can live.

It is possible for people to crowd together in cities because the nature of city occupations needs but little land; but, whether crowded or not, our system of land ownership permits the owners of the land to collect tribute from each one that occupies it; and, as each producer turns out an average equal product, the more producers live and work the land, the more rent the landowner can obtain.

The rent comes from the labor, not from the land.

Single tax is invaluable as agitation. It shows people that our institutions cause our troubles, not our sins, as the ministers would have it. But as a permanent and complete solution of the land question it cannot benefit the producer to turn over to the tax-gatherer just the same part of his product that he now turns over to the landlord.

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A judge was questioning an Irishman at a recent trial. "He took you by the throat and choked you, did he?" asked the judge. "He did, sorr," said Pat. "Sure, sorr, he squazed me throat till I thought he would make cider out of me Adam's apple."

Gloomy predictions regarding the musical season now drawing to an end in the city of St. Louis and elsewhere have not come to pass, for we have had, both qualitatively and quantitatively, the usual feast of good things in our concert halls and theatres. Adolph Betti, violinist of the Flonzaley quartet, told me that since the beginning of the great war there has been a noticeable revival of chamber music in England; this revival is no doubt due to the desire of people for the most profoundly spiritual of musical fare, the only thing which will satisfy the hunger of man's soul in these dark days.

On the other hand, the muchly maligned art of "jazz" has attained quite a vigorous growth and promises fair to become an essential part of the coming school of American music. Its characteristics, the unusual, the rhythmically surprising, the nervous quality inherent in the air of America, single it out as something peculiar to our contemporary life; and the introduction of the so-called vulgar instruments, the banjo, saxophone, etc., is simply an attempt to bring new color into instrumental music. So keen a musical thinker as Percy Grainger, the Australian pianist, has not hesitated to incorporate the instruments of the vaudeville stage, the marimba and the nabimba, into his "Nutshell" suite.

All these innovations of course will be looked upon with horror by the musical purist and esthete; but let us not forget that the introduction of the violin into the cathedral choirs of Italy in the seventeenth century was greeted with a storm of disapproval by clergy and musicians alike; its tone was called harsh, discordant, screeching and utterly at variance with the orchestral family of that period!

I am not making a plea for the banjo and the saxophone as the coming usurpers of the violin and clarinet in symphony music; but symphony music and the symphony orchestra do not necessarily comprise the whole world of tone. There is a vast body of glorious folk music and popular music, racy of the soil, which is just as worthy the musician's consideration as the literature of the symphony, oratorio and opera. As a matter of fact, until we have municipal orchestras and organs and opera houses, this literature must necessarily remain a sealed book to the great majority of our population; and our vast millions of common men and women will draw their musical inspiration and their emotional sustenance from the folk songs and folk dances of the day.

I have attended a great many concerts in St. Louis during the past six months; have heard many fine productions, including Galli-Curci, Heifetz and the St. Louis symphony orchestra, but the one unforgettable experience was the concert given by the Flonzaley string quartet, which reached the high water mark of beauty and truth in the performance of an "Adagio" by Schumann. Mr. Bailly produced on his viola (a Gasparo da Salo of the latter half of the sixteenth century) the most gloriously sonorous, vel-

lety, luscious tones that I've ever heard in my entire career as a musician. In the merest figure of accompaniment the sensuous loveliness of this voice remains one of the delightful experiences of an otherwise wonderful musical evening. Of course we know that chamber music is not popular; but performances of the magnificent quality of the Flonzaleys, and of music fresh and beautiful as is some of the music of Haydn and Dvorak and Schumann and Beethoven (not to mention Percy Grainger's "Molly on the Shore," which was captivatingly played on this occasion) will eventually make this delicate art as appealing and irresistible as the most tantalizing fox-trot or thrilling military march. It is merely a question of the cultivation of the taste of our children in the noble things of music as in the noble elements of literature.

Our Symphony programmes, covering fifteen pairs of afternoon and evening concerts in addition to twenty popular Sunday matinees, were as dignified and interesting and worthy as those of any other organization of the same type in this country. In addition to the standard menu of Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Wagner and Tchaikowsky, Mr. Zach presented a dozen or more novelties including a number of American compositions. Of the latter, mention must be made of Chadwick's ballade for orchestra, "Tam o' Shanter," a clever and by no means negligible attempt to depict Burns' poem in terms of tone; Hadley's symphony "North, East, South and West," which was so well received that it had to be repeated at a Sunday pop. Withorne's symphonic phantasy, "Ranga," an oriental conception which proved to be rather diffused and aimless, meandering in a chaos of formless lines and curves; and most interesting of all to our local colony, Mr. E. R. Kroeger's serious overture "Thanatopsis" and his "Lallah Rookh" suite, the latter played at a Sunday matinee. Of the other novelties, perhaps the most interesting and important were D'Indy's "Symphony on a French Mountain Air," for piano and orchestra (piano played by Harold Bauer), Elgar's overture "In the South," and Casella's "Suite in C, Opus 13." Of course the well-known names of Berlioz, Debussy, Dvorak, Liszt, Rimsky-Korsakow, Sibelius and Saint-Saens were represented.

A great deal has been said for and against the conventional arrangement of the symphony programme. Outside the novelties enumerated, the best conductors seem content with giving us the same compositions by the same composers year after year. The soloist, no matter how eminent a musician or interpreter he may be, is allotted a noticeably minor place upon the programme and is not permitted to play an encore, no matter what the sentiment of the audience. It is truly the age of the prima donna *chef d'orchestre*. This condition has become well nigh intolerable in some opera houses, owing to the lack of consideration for the limitations of the human voice. I discussed this point at some length in a review of the Chicago opera season three years ago. It seems to me that although the conductor of symphony or opera should be commander-in-chief of his forces, still the individual singer and instrumentalist has

some artistic right which should be considered. I refer here especially to the singing of opera.

The performances by our orchestra this year were in the main unusually fine, and the string section, which has come in for a large share of criticism in past seasons, appeared more plastic and responsive than heretofore. I want to take this opportunity to correct a piece of misinformation which has even been printed in *Musical America* of New York regarding the personnel of the orchestra. With the exception of the new concert-master Gussikoff, and a new leader of the second violins, Frank Hladky (both men brought here with the full consent of a committee of orchestra members) the entire orchestra was made up of St. Louis musicians only, including a number of young second violinists playing this year for the first time. I give this information to correct the impression that a number of valuable importations have been made for the express purpose of strengthening otherwise weak sections of the orchestra.

Mr. Zach has performed his task as in the past with dignity, care, and precision; he makes it his business to become familiar with his scores and can be relied upon to give a scholarly reading; but music is something more than a mere reproduction in sound of the symbol on the printed page and I sometimes long for that intangible emotional quality which sets us on fire and transports us on the wings of fancy to unknown lands of mystery and ecstasy—that intangible something which made Ysaye's reading of a Walloon suite last year such a thrilling and heart-warming event.

Eminent soloists helped to increase the interest and charm of our Symphony evenings. Of pianists we were offered Gabrilowitsch, whose poetical reading of a Mozart concerto in D minor was one of the exquisite moments of the year; Harold Bauer, master interpreter; Mischa Levitzki, youthful virtuoso, who played that brilliant and lovely Saint-Saens G minor concerto; and Guiomar Novaes, charming Brazilienne, who revived Chopin's F minor concerto.

Of vocalists we heard Louise Homer, Gogorza, Werrenrath, Hackett and Helen Stanley; and the violinists included the new concert master Gussikoff, Jacobinoff, and Eddy Brown, three youthful artists.

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### Choral Concerts

On Tuesday evening, April 23, the Morning Choral gave its closing public concert; excepting the Pageant Choral Society's performance of Haydn's "Creation" last November, this was the only choral concert I was able to attend during the season. The ladies of the Morning Choral sang with an astonishing vigor and freshness of tone, with remarkable purity of intonation, and with a nice regard for the spirit of the poem. Mr. Galloway's splendid musicianship and aggressive methods of conducting achieved the happiest results throughout a delightful evening.

The assisting artist, a young American violiniste, Amy Emerson O'Neill, proved a pleasant surprise, this being her first St. Louis appearance. She displayed a vigorous control of all technical diffi-

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# Opening a New Drapery Salon That Will Charm

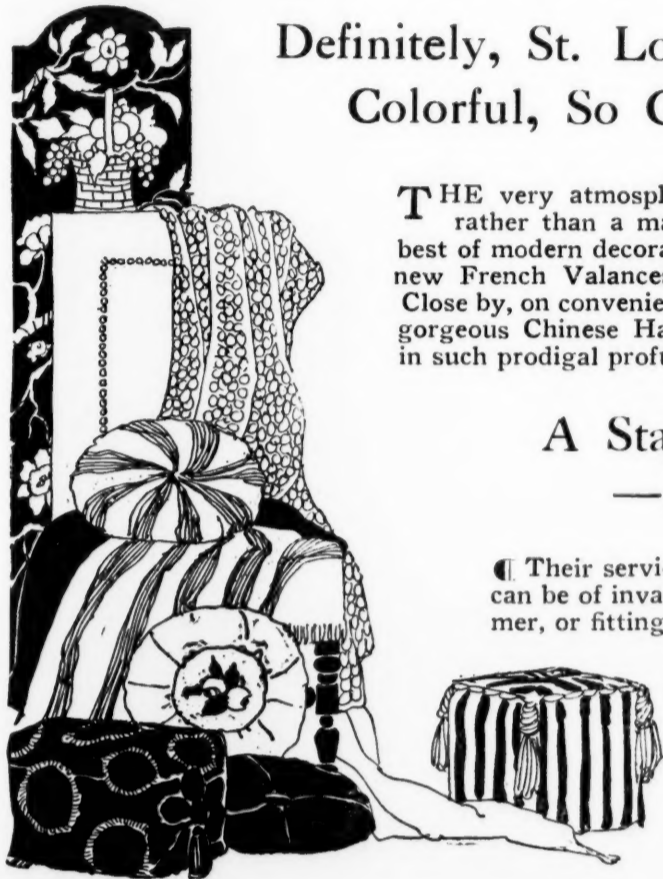
IT IS ready at last—the brilliant Decorative and Drapery Salon, which we have so long had under way; it has burst into bloom like a glorious spring garden. It is the culmination of our efforts to provide what St. Louis has always needed—a Drapery Section of metropolitan proportions, a service that shall really SERVE; and surely we have succeeded.

Definitely, St. Louis Has Seen Nothing Like It—So Colorful, So Complete, So Artistically Satisfying

THE very atmosphere of the place soothes you and charms. It is like a studio of art, rather than a mart of commerce—a cozy bower where you have VISUALIZED the best of modern decorative ideas. Here athwart the great center pillars, are hung the lovely new French Valances—exactly as they will hang upon the windows of your own home. Close by, on convenient tables, are dowered the richest stuffs of foreign and domestic looms—gorgeous Chinese Hangings and Japanese Brocades such as the Orient is now sending over in such prodigal profusion.

A Staff of Experts Will Be in Charge  
—Men of Unquestioned Ability

☛ Their services will be constantly at your disposal. Particularly, now, they can be of invaluable assistance to those refurnishing their homes for the summer, or fitting up country residences for occupancy.



*Famous and Barré Co.*  
ENTIRE BLOCK, OLIVE, LOCUST, SIXTH AND SEVENTH.

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culties, drew a warm pulsating tone from a good old Italian copy of Guadagnini, and played with the verve and fire which is the happy prerogative of youth. Her programme was varied and popular.

Other excellent choral organizations which have given innocent joy to thousands of music-lovers are the Pageant Choral (Frederick Fisher, conductor), the Apollo male chorus (Charles Gallo-way), the Liederkrantz (Mr. Stamm) and the Chaminade ladies choral of Webster Groves (Leo Miller).

## Miss Cueny's Artist's Series

A review of the year's happy memories would be decidedly incomplete without citing the delightful concerts by Schumann-Heink, wonderful ballad singer; Galli-Curci, phenomenal coloratura soprano; Heifetz, brilliant young violinist; and Yvette Guilbert, diseuse, all under Miss Elizabeth Cueny's management. Then there were Rudolf Ganz, Swiss pianist; Miss Rosalie Wirthlin, contralto, former St. Louisan, who gave one of the most satisfying recitals of the year; Leo Miller, pianist, who played an unusually fine programme in excellent style; Miss Ruenelle, Mr. Allan Bacon, and certainly of the greatest local significance to piano students, Mr. E.

R. Kroeger's annual historical course of five lecture-recitals.

Miss Cueny deserves the gratitude of the music-lover of St. Louis for the Flonzaley Quartet evening, and for a magnificently Russian reading of Tschai-kowsky's fifth symphony, played last week by the Russian symphony orchestra under Altschuler; this was the real thing—crude, barbaric, unpolished if you will, but throbbing with the spirit that gave it birth. Mr. Daniel Jones, local pianist, gave a good account of the Brahms concerto.

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## Coming Shows

"Over the Top," a smart Shubert musical production of scenery, stunning gowns and an imposing list of principals—including Ed Wynn as chief comedian and Craig Campbell, a Scotch tenor of fine voice and presence, as leading man—will be the attraction at the Jefferson next week. Justine Johnson, the new star hailed by some as the most beautiful actress on Broadway, appears as the girl who wishes for New York and has it presented to her in a dream. Two gorgeous acts and fourteen scenes depict her wanderings in "The Land of Frocks and Frills," "Posterland," an artist's studio in Greenwich Village, an aviation camp, the German trenches—where she goes over the top, a theatre, the golden

forest, Algeria, Chu-Chin-Chow's cave, and finally Justine Johnson's Little Club in the Forty-fourth street theatre of New York.

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Stella Mayhew, cheery singer and radiator of vaudeville gladness, will head the bill at the Orpheum next week in a repertoire of new songs and old favorites. The four Marx brothers, assisted by an able company of eleven, will present a petite musical performance called "Home Again" in which Arthur introduces a crooning divertissement on the harp and Leonard plays an open face piano on keys and strings at the same time. Other numbers will be Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry in their musical farce, "The Burglar;" Ralph Dunbar's Maryland singers; Wilfred Clark and Company; Caltes brothers and the Alaska duo; and the Orpheum travel weekly.

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"The Merry Monarchs of the Sawdust Arena" is the title of the Ellis-Nowlan company's most recent production, which will be the chief act on the Grand Opera House bill next week. It is a miniature circus complete in every detail even to the parade. Other numbers billed are "The Unexpected," a sketch by Aaron Hoffman; the Peerless trio, comedians, street singers and musicians; Wanzer and Palmer in "She's Hard to Get Along With;" Scott and Dixie, the Dixie boy and Yankee girl; Kip and Kippy, jugglers; Harris and Hilliard in "A Bit of Holland;" Ralph and Anna, acrobats; Frank Rogers,

ventriloquist; comedy pictures and the Universal Weekly.

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A one-act comedy of small town and circus life called "The Fixer" as presented by Walter D. Nealand and company will head the bill at the Columbia next week. Other acts will be the Riva Larsen troupe of novelty gymnasts; McGuire and English in a bright sketch called "Ember Sparks;" a singing, talking and dancing skit called "I Love That Girl;" Nip and Tuck in bits of acrobatic nonsense; McShane and Hathaway in songs, patter and dances; Zuhn and Dreis, eccentric comedians; Billie Bowman, singing a cycle of character melodies; Taketa brothers, foot jugglers; the Judge Brown pictures and Universal current events.

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Simmonds and Lake's Auto Girls, the speed queens, will play at the Standard next week in a two-act musical farce called "At Beauty Rest" which is advertised to surpass any previous effort of the producers. Featured in the show are Carol Schroder, James J. Lake, Billy Barnes and Smiling Rae Barnes. An added attraction will be Vennetti, accordionist.

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At the Gayety Theatre next week Sam Howe will present his big burlesque "A Wife in Every Port," a two-act folly, whose fundamental feature is fun. Many all-star vaudeville numbers will be staged during the action of the play. The company includes a

## "Yes, I Earn a Good Salary But I Can't Save Much"

- ☐ Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men and women of St. Louis are saying this to themselves daily. Maybe you have been turning this thought over in your own mind. Others have, and many have solved the problem. They decided to *save by a plan*. That is, they assume that they owe, and must pay weekly, a certain sum to the Mercantile Trust Company. They pay it, no matter what the sacrifice—and they get ahead.
- ☐ Saving money is not a matter of salary, but of determination. And it doesn't take an over-abundance of determination, either, if you'll bring your savings to the Mercantile Trust Company, Eighth and Locust Streets. The interest we pay makes your money grow rapidly.
- ☐ You can start a Mercantile Savings Account with any amount—from a dollar up.
- ☐ Our Savings Department is open Monday evenings until 6:30.

### Mercantile Trust Company

(Member Federal Reserve System - U. S. Government Protection)

Eighth and Locust Streets—to St. Charles

## Do You Need a Will?

If you were to die without one, the State would appoint someone to settle your estate and compel him to distribute your property according to certain fixed rules. Do you know what this distribution would be?

Are you quite satisfied with the portions of your estate that various relatives would get?

Would it interest you to read a short digest of non-technical language of the Missouri Inheritance Law? If so, write us for a copy, "Why a Will?"

### Mississippi Valley Trust Company

Fourth and Pine

bevy of burlesque favorites, wearing dashing gowns and hats.

#### Dominant Ninth

The Dominant Ninth Chorus of Alton will close its twenty-sixth season on Tuesday, April 30, by giving a concert in Temple theatre, Alton. The chorus, numbering one hundred voices, will sing Sir Edward Elgar's "For the Fallen," also Sullivan's "Golden Legend." The soloists will be Mrs. A.

I. Epstein, Mrs. Franklyn Knight, Mr. John B. Miller and Mr. Burton Thatcher. A St. Louis orchestra will assist.

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At a dedication festival service at a country church the following announcement was made by the pastor: "The collections to-day will be devoted to the arch fund, and not, as erroneously printed in the morning paper, to the arch-fiend."

## Marts and Money

After two or three weeks of dull, monotonous proceedings, the Wall street market is experiencing another spell of noteworthy activity and rising values, especially in the industrial and mining departments. The principal cause of the betterment is the hopeful tenor of war reports, which encourage the belief that the Teutonic assaults have been permanently parried. As usual, Steel common is the favorite purchase. Its present quotation of 96 indicates an advance of seven points over the average of the previous week, and is only two and a half points under the top mark of February 1. Demand is stimulated by vaguely seductive talk of one kind or another. Particularly successful, market-wise, were some remarks the other day on the part of Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the corporation. They compelled the cancellation of many short contracts, not only in Steel common, but also in some other leading war industrials, such as American Car & Foundry, Baldwin Locomotive, Crucible Steel, Enameling and Republic Steel common. The upward movement was not uniformly spontaneous and extensive, however. Some of the representative railroad stocks remained heavy throughout. They did not rally more than a point or a point and a half. Pennsylvania, the premier issue, rose from 43 $\frac{7}{8}$  to 44. The latter figure denotes a gain of less than four points when contrasted with the absolute minimum set on December 19. During the same period of four months Steel common has risen from 79 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 96, Baldwin Locomotive common from 42 to 82 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Crucible Steel common from 45 to 66, Anaconda Copper from 51 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Republic Steel common from 62 to 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Mexican Petroleum from 67 to 96. The stolidity and backwardness of the railroad group seems a hard puzzle, in view of the government's guaranty of interest and dividend payments. One of the restraining factors may be the pronounced indisposition of professionals to enter into short commitments at ruling prices for railroad certificates. As a rule, it is difficult, if not impossible, to bull any stock, or group of stocks, without the enforced, liberal assistance of depressionistic crews. Conversely, it is a most troublesome task to bring about severe declines without compulsory and extensive liquidation by actual holders. It was the confident attitude of outright owners that signally thwarted several bold attempts in recent weeks to precipitate another violent break in quotations. The idea prevails in some respectable quarters that there will be no speculative campaign of real consequence, so far as railroad shares are concerned, before the beginning of peace negotiations. Why should there be, it is argued, in the face of the admittedly uncertain status of all transportation properties and the spreading nationalization propaganda? Respecting this matter, thoughtful students will see the necessity of reserving opinion. The present is a mighty poor time for off-hand predictions, based largely upon emotional deductions from precarious premises. The ruling prices for desirable railroad stocks symbolize modest valuations of known intrinsic qualities in practically all instances. One

possible exception is Reading common, quoted at 81, with a par value of \$50. Holders of these shares receive \$4 per annum, the net yield on purchases at 81 thus being about 4.90 per cent. Atchison common nets over 7 per cent at the current price of 84, and Union Pacific over 8 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent at 120. The persistent, relative overvaluation of Reading common mainly derives from cautious consideration of rich hidden assets and probable distribution thereof at a not distant date. The great bulk of the stock is held by banking and general capitalistic interests, while the occasional skillful manipulation is carried on by millionaire plungers who pay about as much attention to actual value as a Mexican bandit to the Golden Rule. Bond quotations are steady to firm. They respond quickly to remedial changes in the values of foreign issues. There are, however, no indications as yet of a coming sharp improvement. The prices of Liberty bonds showed marked stability of late, and it is likely that further moderate enhancement will be witnessed in the near future. Treasury officials complain regarding the results so far obtained in the third Liberty loan drive, but it is safe to predict that the final outcome will meet all reasonable expectations. Up to this moment, the finest manifestation of generous, practical patriotism has been given by the St. Louis federal reserve district, whose percentage of 86 materially surpasses all competing records. The Atlantic district is at the bottom of the list, with a percentage of a little over 10 per cent. The Richmond district is credited with 29 per cent; the New York district with 44. Returns from the south are not reflective of the prosperity that has been thought to prevail there in consequence of extraordinarily high prices for cotton. The New York money market still displays unusual firmness. Most all time loans are made at 6 per cent. Optional funds are quoted at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 per cent in the majority of cases. There are rather sharp fluctuations occasionally, for reasons that can only be surmised. The quotation for bar silver has advanced from 93 $\frac{7}{8}$  to 97 $\frac{3}{4}$  cents per ounce. This, despite some disappointment among friends of the metal in connection with the passage of the Pittman bill in the senate, which provides for the melting into bullion of \$350,000,000, with a view to making it available for payment of foreign trade balances. The common stock of the American Smelting & Refining Co. has been singularly inactive and irresponsive to upward movements in the past month or two. Holders get a regular rate of \$6 per annum. An extra \$1 Red Cross dividend was paid in July, 1917. The shrinking speculative demand for the stock was somewhat explained, lately, by querulous statements of President Daniel Guggenheim respecting regulative rules laid down by the government. Said he in part: "Owing to the various governmental contracts for shipbuilding and other construction of great magnitude, which have been made on the basis of cost plus a commission, the contractors have no interest in holding labor costs at a point where a profit can be made, and, in fact, their own interests are in favor of as high a cost as can in any way be justified.

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By these two governmental actions, first, by reducing the value of our product, and, second, by constantly increasing our cost, this great corporation, producing what is absolutely necessary to the government in carrying on the war, is having its ability to pay a fair return to its stockholders seriously jeopardized." In addition, Mr. Guggenheim pointed out that the large profits of former years have enabled the company to enlarge its productive capacity, the total cost of new construction being about \$15,000,000, all taken out of surplus earnings. The present price of American Smelting & R. common is 78½; the high marks in 1917 and 1916 were 112¾ and 123¾, respectively. There can be no question that the stockholders have thus far been advantaged very little by war contracts. The announcement that operations had been resumed at one of the company's big plants in Mexico attracted no particular interest in Wall street. Recurring to silver, I wish to stress the consistent apathy of financial potentates and commentators relative to prospects of important modifications of existing monetary standards in the leading nations. The idea appears to be that nothing matters very much at the present conjuncture, not even gold reserves, about which there used to be such "great argument about it and about" in days gone by. The gold standard? Oh, well, that's merely a technical or academic consideration, my friend. No use bothering your head about that. We have an abundance of yellow metal in the United States, and Great Britain seems to be getting along quite well, though the reserve ratio of the Bank of England is only 17 per cent, as compared with 45 to 55 per cent in the long ago, before 1914, I mean. A large increase in the coinage of silver in America and Europe would do no harm; conditions would speedily adjust themselves to it. Such is the present attitude even in the highest financial circles. It is suggestive both of confusion of mind and resignatory complacency. The cotton exchanges still are in a state of depression. Quotations receded about two hundred points in the last few days. On top of talk about government regulation of prices came news of heavy rains in Texas, where serious drouth had been widely prevalent for more than a year. In New York, the quotation for spot cotton denotes a fall from 36 to 28 cents a pound. In September, 1914, President Wilson bought a bale of five hundred pounds at \$50. At 36, the bale's value was \$180. Dixieland is surely doing the business these days. Wheat growers want \$2.50 for their wheat. In 1884 my father sold his for 40 cents a bushel

in Montgomery county, Mo. *O tempora, o pretia!*

Finance in St. Louis

It's quiet, almost somnolent, on the Fourth street exchange. But quotations are pretty well maintained in all prominent cases, except United Railways issues. These were sold on a sliding scale in the last few days, the 4 per cent bonds dropping from 56 to 51.75, and the preferred stock from 23 to 18.25. The total par value of bond transfers went beyond \$50,000. Three thousand dollars Laclede Gas first 5s brought 97.62½ to 97.75. These figures show no striking changes from previous levels. They are quite in accord with the high inherent investment merits of the bonds, that is, not excessive even in these times of extraordinary conditions in financial affairs. National Candy common has become a little less conspicuous in professional trading. About one hundred and twenty shares were lately sold at 42.25 to 42.75, prices indicative of a small decline from the recent absolute maximum of 43.50. The stock displays growing stability in valuation. Fifteen Certain-teed common brought 40.75, and ten first preferred 89. Twenty-eight shares of Chicago Railway Equipment were taken at 101.50 to 101.75, one hundred and fifty Missouri Portland Cement at 70, twenty Wagner Electric at 150, and thirty International Shoe preferred at 107. The stocks of banks and trust companies continue inactive, with quotations virtually unchanged in all leading instances.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce..	111½	112
State National Bank.....	110	111
Mortgage Trust .....	135	136
Mortgage Guarantee.....	125	126
United Railways pfd.....	18	19
do 4s .....	51½	52
Union Depot 6s .....	96¾	97
do L-D. Tel. stock.....	110	111
Certain-teed 1st pfd.....	89	90
St. L. Cotton Compress....	38¼	39
Brown Shoe pfd.....	95¾	96
Granite-Bimetallic .....	35	36
Hamilton-Brown .....	127	128
National Candy Co.....	42	42½
Wagner Electric .....	118	119
Mer.-Jac.-King pfd.....	27	28

Answers to Inquiries

M. E. P., Fort Scott, Kans.—American Cotton Oil common is purely speculative. The dividend record is rather unfavorable, and there is considerable doubt as to the safety of the present annual rate of \$4. For the twelve months ended August 31, 1917, the surplus amounted to only \$112,642, after payment of \$6 and \$4 on preferred and common stock. For the previous year the record was \$607,058. The common stock is quoted at 32 at the moment. This indicates a yield of 12½ per cent. On January 16 last the price was down to 25. The stock is a long-range proposition. When it does move, it yields substantial returns on shrewd purchases. The spells of activity are very infrequent, however.

R. A. McQ., Mt. Vernon, Ill.—Stick to your certificate of Republic Steel common. It would be indiscreet to sell at a loss with the company earning the 6 per cent dividend four or five times over, and surplus funds steadily and largely increasing right along. The current price of 82 compares with 72½ on January 15.

It plainly reflects strong expectations of a 7 or 8 per cent rate, as well as of a substantial extra distribution before long. In case of a setback of several points, buy another certificate.

INQUISITIVE, Peoria, Ill.—Central Leather twenty-year gold 5 per cent bonds are a commendable investment, and not overpriced at the current figure of 94¾. The top notch in 1917 was 103. The degree of intrinsic safety has been rising for several years. The company pays 7 per cent on the preferred stock and 5 per cent on the common. In 1917 the surplus, after all charges and dividends, was \$8,500,844, against \$9,882,945 in 1916, and \$2,707,929 in 1915. Possible or probable government regulation of leather prices will not seriously affect the company's financial position. It has, indeed, been well discounted by the depreciation from 123 to 66 since 1916. Further declines would be seen, of course, if congress were to order a material increase in tax levies. The company's total surplus is over \$30,000,000, against \$6,400,000 in 1913. The depreciation has been strikingly small in this case.

PEDAGOGUE, Fort Worth, Tex.—New York, N. H. & Hartford is thoroughly speculative at present and will be a good while longer. If the government had not intervened helpfully when the \$43,000,000 notes matured recently, the property would undoubtedly have gone into receiver's hands. There's no prospect of a resumption of dividend payments in the next two years. The percentage earned is only about 1½ per cent. A stock like this should be bought only by people who can afford to run more than ordinary risks and are willing to wait a long time for compensating profits. In a vigorous bull market the quotation might advance ten or fifteen points. The present value of 28 denotes a decline of about five points from last January's high mark. In September, 1917, sales were made at 21½, the lowest on record. Sixteen years back the stock was well thought of at 255, even in prominent financial circles. It is retrospective considerations that induce many people to purchase at prevailing prices. The idea exists that by and by the price should recover to 100 at least.

W. G., Pawtucket, R. I.—Dominion of Canada 5s, of 1913, should certainly be held. The current price of 90¼ looks cheap. It discounts quite a lot of things, financially and otherwise. While the monetary and general economic strain in Canada is serious, we must not forget that it is a country of marvelous and virtually unlimited resources, and that recuperation should be rapid after the close of the war. Additional purchases should not be made above 88.

CHANCE, St. Louis.—Metropolitan Petroleum, quoted at 75 cents, is just a gamble—nothing else. Was rated at \$25 not long ago. Company about to be reorganized, with intention, in part, of getting some remunerative interest in an oil well producing over 70,000 barrels a day. The well is directly owned by the Island Oil & Transport Co., part of whose capital stock is owned by the Metropolitan.

Illumination

One Sunday afternoon when Jones, who had been visiting the Zoo, came home, he announced to the family:



Save or Slave

THE Third Liberty Loan!  
HAVE you not heard the call  
INVESTORS, one and all,  
REVENGE poor Belgium's fall;  
DEMOCRACY enthroned!

\* \* \*

LEST all that you hold dear  
IN Prussian sway be held,  
BUY bonds, nor banish fear  
EVER every foeman's felled.  
REJOICE that you have here  
THIS chance unparalleled;  
YOUR duty call rings clear.

\* \* \*

LET Liberty's flag high  
OVER all lands be unfurled,  
AND know your bonds will buy  
NEW Freedom for the World.

Our services are offered without  
charge to purchasers of  
LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

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individual measure—promptly—  
dependably. Complete  
equipment, except the shoes,  
provided at very reasonable  
prices.

J. H. MacCarthy  
Tailoring Co.

Second Floor. Odd Fellows' Bldg.,

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"The Post Office Is Opposite"

"They've got a new baby hippopotamus." Whereupon his daughter, about fifteen, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. When she had subsided somewhat the father growled: "What are you laughing at?" "I was just thinking," giggled the girl, "that that rather kills the stork story."

\* \* \*

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